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48. 1695.

THE MOON'S HISTORIES.

THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER OF HOME'S EMPEROR

THE

MOON'S HISTORIES.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION, BY JOHN ABSOLON.

LONDON:
JOSEPH CUNDALL, 12, OLD BOND STREET.

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TO

LORD ALBERT LEVESON GOWER,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

By the Author,

AS A TESTIMONY OF RESPECT AND GRATITUDE

TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

PREFACE.

THE title prefixed to the small volume herewith offered to LORD ALBERT LEVESON GOWER, and to the juvenile public, is derived from an idea, owing its origin to the fertile and elegant mind of the Danish poet, Andersen.

The author, in borrowing and attempting to follow out the felicitous and fanciful conception of a foreign genius, has at once acknowledged her obligation, and expressed her appreciation of the tenderness and pathos of that graceful writer, by introducing translations from the original Danish, of two of his

sketches, "The Moon's Peep into Rome," and "The Account of the Boy in the Tuileries," which are pointed out in foot notes. She does not, however, in her own papers, attempt to imitate the poet. Imitation is usually poor, and the surrender of originality the absence of interest. Moreover, her admiration for Andersen's writings is not entirely unqualified by objections to certain features displayed in some of them.

She submits her volume, with respectful diffidence, to the judgment of those parents who are concerned about the character of the intellectual pabulum provided for their children's nourishment. She will be much gratified if it may meet their approval, and interest the young readers to whom it is addressed.

Her object has been less to instruct, than to

cultivate taste, to excite interest, and to stimulate the desire to know. She believes that persons who have truly studied the science of education, will agree with her, that an awakened taste, and an inquiring tone of mind, will—the ground work of moral training, being sound—ensure intelligent search after information, and promote its fructification in rich and fertile harvest.

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THE

MOON'S HISTORIES.

CHAPTER I.

THE LONE WOMAN'S ACCOUNT OF HERSELF, AND OF A VISIT WHICH SHE RECEIVED.

A WIDOWED woman am I, and I have two little daughters; they are very young, not three years old.

My home was in a sweet Danish village, but being, when I became a widow, very poor, I journeyed away from it to seek work in a great town, the great town of Hamburgh, where there are rich people.

My neighbours thought that wealthy citizens could give me work, and that so I could get bread for myself and my children; they kissed me and wrung my hands when they advised me to go, and one and another of them brought me warm clothes for my

babes, and a little tea and dried meat for the way. When I set forth they wept, and I wept also.

We took up our abode—my babes and I—in the upper part of a house in a narrow street, looking out on the roofs of the city. The first days that I was here I was sad and lonely; I had left all my friends behind; they had been my husband's friends; I could not look upon one face that I knew, excepting my babes. Instead of the woods, and fields, and streams of old Denmark, I saw only grey chimneys and smoky roofs; my little ones cried, for I had not food enough to give them; no voice that I knew and loved, spoke to me, or wished me success, and I wondered sorrowfully whether I should indeed earn bread for myself and my children in rich Hamburgh.

The clergyman of my native village wrote to a merchant's family in the town to represent my case, and owing to this kind act of his, and to the good care of Providence, I soon did get work; my work brought me money enough to provide food, and all else that we urgently needed, for myself and my

babes. I was very thankful for this, but still I had no friends; I never saw my employers; I had no companions with whom to speak; therefore I was sad.

One evening I stood at my window, a tear was in my eye; I opened the casement and looked out. Ah! how I was gladdened. I saw an old friend come after me from home. Who should it be? It was the Moon, bright and clear, just as I had seen her peering over our Danish woods, glittering on the glow-worm on the bank, and casting her sheen on the objects of furniture in our small cottage, just as I had seen her too in the days of my infancy, when I first remember my mother's sweet voice directing me up to her beautiful disk, and stroking my head with pleasure when she saw my pleased wonder. So I pointed her out to my two little daughters, and she shone brightly upon us, whilst they laughed with delight. She stayed with us a little time, and promised me every night that she was out, when the clouds were not too thick, that she would peep in upon me; and she has kept her

word. Each time she comes, she relates to me one history or another of something that she has seen, perhaps the same night, perhaps a thousand years ago.

"Write down what I tell you," she said to me on her first visit. "If you do so, you will have some interesting stories, and all of them true. Few things are hidden from me; I understand the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which men can but guess about now, for I was by when they were written. I looked upon the rushing flood, as it tore its wild way upon the earth. My mild eye rested upon Noah in his ark. I beheld Romulus with his outlaw band, as they laid the first stones of Rome; I followed Nimrod, the mighty hunter, when the world was still young; I was there when the Jews sat by Euphrates' stream, hung their harps upon the willows, and mourned their captivity. I have been present at the consecration of Apis in Egypt. I have taught painters, and whispered my inspirations to poets. I looked upon Milton, though he could not see me, and he *felt* my beauty; often have I

conversed with Sir Walter Scott; sometimes it has been my pleasure to light Chantrey, as on Saturday nights, he drew on his grandmother's newly sanded kitchen floor, the rude figures, which formed the first attempts at art of that great sculptor. Thorwaldsen, also, has contemplated his works under my beams.

"I have seen the white man steal the slave in Africa, and I have looked into the black man's cabin when one of his family had been carried off by the white thief. There is scarce a scene of sorrow that I have not witnessed. I have known also many joyful things, and many strange things. I penetrate where no eye reaches; scarce a chink is so narrow, or a dell so deep, but I creep into it. I am familiar with the habits of every nation.

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows."

"I could tell where beauty's rose is hidden, and where the diamond lies deep in the mine. I have beheld happy children skip along the lawn on the early summer's morning, or dance round the Christ-

mas tree. 'Tis mine to see the fawn awake, and to call the pea-hen from her perch."

When the Moon had said this, she slipped away; but whenever she returned again, I took my pen and noted down what she told me. Sometimes she related to me a history; at others she treated me with a picture. That which she gave me, I present to my young readers in the pages which here follow.

CHAPTER II.

THE MOON'S ACCOUNT OF THE CLOSING OF THE NEVA.

"I AM come from the city of the Tzar, Peter," said the Moon, one evening when she visited me—"the great Russian capital. I delight to shine over that snow-clad city, with its handsome squares, and magnificent buildings, and fine statuary. I rest with particular pleasure on the laurel-crowned temples of the Tzar, Peter—as he sits in bronze on his mettlesome horse, which is rearing to avoid a serpent that is gliding to the attack.

"I like to look upon the ice bound river, when gay sledges are driving across it at full gallop. I like to look upon the river, too, when it is not bound in ice, but when, in its blue transparent water, I see every object given back. Then the joyful citizens, exulting in their short but beautiful summer, spend half the

night and all the day in light boats with high carved prows, dancing on the lovely stream, singing wild Tartar songs, or sweet Italian airs under my beams.

"Ah, that Neva! that deep, rapid, blue, transparent river, it is quite unlike the muddy streams that flow in England, and in some other countries that I could name. The gulf of Finland, also, into which it casts the great mass of water which it bears from the Ladoga lake, is beautiful and grand, as it is seen from the city and its islands.

"I will tell you what I witnessed lately at St. Petersburgh; it is indeed only just now that I saw the closing scene; that was happy, but the opening one was sad enough. Life has its tragedies as well as its beauties.

"A few days since I was high in the sky, and the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Light, was flickering and dancing below me, sometimes pale yellow, sometimes greenish, sometimes red. Many a Mugic, (that is the name by which the Russian peasant goes,) as wrapped in sheep skin and fur capped, he wound his way to the great city, looked up at me,

and then walked more briskly on, as he whistled a Tartar air, or sang a Muscovite song; one whose very long beard was hung with icicles, stopped suddenly short in his song to speak to an acquaintance whom he met.

"'Is it down yet?' he asked as soon as they had exchanged a salute.

"'No,' was the reply, 'but it is only twenty versts off. I heard that an hour ago, and the wind is from the north east.'

"'It will be down by midnight,' said the other.

"They spoke about the ice, which in the end of October or in the beginning of November, always comes down in large quantities from the Ladoga lake and blocks up the Neva; then the rapid running river becomes a solid plain, over which coaches and sledges drive, and on which numbers of persons are always moving.

"I left the Mugics, and looked into the main streets and squares of the city; it was the hour of evening visiting, and carriages were rolling quickly along—people usually drive at full gallop in St.

Petersburgh. I rested on one of them which stopped at the door of a handsome mansion. No sooner had the visitors made their entrance into the drawing-room, than the party began to talk of the ice in the river. The last courier had reported that it was sixteen versts off.

"'But the wind is dropped,' a lady remarked, 'and the river may be open for a week yet.'

"'No, your Excellency,' replied a gentleman at her side; 'not another day; there is current enough to bring the ice down without the help of wind.'

"'The river is open already five days later than it was last year,' remarked a third.

"I now turned my eye upon the government messengers, who were continually riding along the banks of the Neva. I saw one of them, quite rolled up in fur, for it was a biting night, dash quickly along, and enter the gates of the police-office. There he reported that the ice was fifteen versts from the city, and moving very slowly. The capital had sunk into stillness, and only the watchers of

the river, and the people at the police-office, were moving—all others slept. The messengers arriving during the night brought no new tidings. At eight o'clock in the morning, there was bustle amongst these. A strong wind had sprung up; it blew from the lake, and the ice was sailing rapidly down the stream. Hiss, hiss, hiss! Crack, crack, crack! sounded on the face of the water, as the fields or rocks of ice struck one against another, and broke or dovetailed into each other. Hiss, hiss, hiss! Crack, crack, crack! and the mass went rolling along. Still it had not reached the city; and the bridge of boats, the only bridge over the Neva, had not been removed.

"Nine o'clock came, and the citizens were stirring. I saw a poor woman rapidly cross the bridge. She hastened on, and stopped at the door of a house in the Vassili Ostroff. That is an island in the mouth of the river, on which a part of the city is built. She was taken in, and remained some minutes in the house; then with quick step she hurried back to the water's edge.

"The bridge was gone! Could she be ferried across? No; not a boat was upon the river; and the ice, crack, crack, crack, was coming swiftly down in great masses, which constantly struck, and broke, and dashed one against another.

"The woman wrung her hands and wept. She implored the police, who were stationed on the banks—'Would they but try a boat! could they but get her over!' She pulled out some silver pieces; she had just received them in the house where she had been; they were payment for the work that she had done; and she was to live on that money, and keep her babes on it, for the next fortnight: it was all she had; yet she held it out.

"'Take this,' she said, 'and help me over, for my little children are locked into a garret in the Protalska-street, where we dwell, and nobody knows of them. I am a widow, and live alone with them there; they will die of hunger;' and again she wrung her hands and wept."

When the Moon told me this, I wept also, for I looked at my two little daughters who were sleep-

ing on the bed in my room, as I heard of the poor widow on the banks of the Neva, who was cut off from returning to her little ones that were locked up in the garret, where no one knew of them.

The Moon continued. "The guards on the river's banks answered her gently and kindly; but they could not help her, for if any person should then try to cross the river, he would lose his life in the attempt. The mother wept piteously. I stole away to look after the poor babes, locked up in a garret in the Protalska-street. They had not breakfasted; there was no food in the room; and till their mother got the money for her work, she could not buy any.

"The children prattled gaily, till their hunger grew great; then they cried. I could not stay; but at night, quite late, I looked in again; they were crying still, and I heard that they had cried all day, and called in vain for their mother, except the youngest, who, from fatigue, had fallen asleep. Just at the time of my return, a person was breaking open the door. Their cries had been heard

from the street below. A good woman and her husband entered; she had persuaded him to the deed of mercy. They took away the children, and determined to feed them, and care for them, till they could find the mother, of whom the eldest boy spoke.

"For three days there was no bridge over the river, and no boats could cross it. In the evening of the fourth day, the ice began to fasten together, and the bridge was put up. Then the mother went back with a trembling heart to her garret door. Her knees shook so, that she could hardly get up the rude stone staircase. Once or twice she leaned against the wall, or sank upon the steps. She did get up at last, and stood before the open door. The children were gone! Her hope revived: they had been found and saved. But how should she know where to look for them?

"A woman, who lived in a court near, had been told to watch for her coming, and to tell her where they were. I saw her hasten to the place; I saw her take them in her arms, and cover them with

kisses, whilst tears of joy were streaming from her eyes. She kneeled and thanked God, and then she turned and thanked the good and charitable woman, who, herself poor, had saved her children. The little ones danced and jumped, for their mother was come again."

CHAPTER III.

THE MOON'S PEEP UPON THE COAST OF GREENLAND.

"I WAS yesterday floating over Greenland," said the Moon, "that cold and dismal country. The very rays of the sun are chill there, but I give it much of my soft light. It was in the early morning; many stars were with me in the sky, and I showed my decreasing orb.

"The natives on one part of the coast, had, during the last few days, seen meteors scud across the heavens, and they had called upon an *angekut*, that is, a soothsayer, or wise man, to tell them what they should forebode. He was to 'take knowledge' through the night, and in the morning he was to 'declare the augury.' I saw him join his countrymen. 'You will have good luck,' he said.

"Torngarsuk is favourable; you will catch many seals." They were glad of this augury, for they had had no reindeer's flesh for some time, and fish had been shy of the coast for two week's past; for many days they had eaten only sea-weed, train oil, and a very little fish.

"The *angekut* went back to his own turf hut, and I saw the people who had called him, make busy preparations. Their wives brought them spears, small harpoons, and seal skins. 'Torngarsuk is favourable,' they said, one to another, 'let us hasten.'

"Torngarsuk is an imaginary deity of the Greenlanders; they consult him much, for they quite believe in his being and power. I saw some of them get into canoes, one man in each, who, packing himself tightly into the opening left in the seal-skin deck of his tiny bark, and drawing it round his waist, pushed off to sea. I followed with my eye a sturdy native who did not get into a canoe; he chose a part of the coast where the water was frozen; he went out upon the ice, and when he got

a little way from the shore, finding it firm under him, he drew a seal skin over his body, and crept softly onwards on his hands and knees. Presently he spied a seal. 'I have you, friend,' he cried, in the rude speech of his land, and he drew himself up into as round and lubberly a form as he could; on he went, crawling along, moving his head from side to side as the seal itself does. So he got close up to the sea monster, and when the animal might perhaps have supposed that a brother of his kind was about to bid him good evening, he felt the spear of the sportsman enter his side.

"His captor found some trouble in bearing him back to the shore, for he was a heavy weight; but he got him there presently.

"I now slipped away for a time; when I was out again, I saw one and another Greenlander return. So soon as they were all come back, they found that they had caught among them, twelve seals. There was great joy. They made a feast, and called their dogs and their wives to share it—those faithful, useful dogs, which draw their sledges, and the wives

who build their huts, and execute all the labours of the land, and a part of those of the sea also; for they manage the fishing boats, if they do not catch the fish, and they had dressed this very feast, to which their husbands now, were pleased to ask them. The dogs went first, asked or unasked.

"The people were in the open air, which was scented with the perfume of the ling and other wild flowers, which bloom even in Greenland, during the short summer that smiles there; but the summer was almost over, the weather was becoming cold, and they were dressed in skins of the white bear.

"The Greenlanders are short in stature, and now rolled up in these skins, with their long shaggy hair, they looked scarcely like human beings, especially when, after they had feasted, they danced and sang. Then the long fur flew outwards from the skin, and made the width of the wearers quite to equal their height.

"You will not imagine that a Greenlander's dance is graceful; it is, however, quick and emphatic. Round and round the people whirled in swift jerk-

ing movement, and various rudely-formed musical instruments led their wild songs. I observed that there was usually the song and the chorus. The songs were about fishing and hunting, and the favour or anger of Torngarsuk; the chorus consisted generally of one or two strange sounding words, often repeated. I will give you a translation of one of their songs.

" ' The seal he laid him on the rock,
We spied him as he lay;
Then, when he felt the harpoon's shock,
He darted quick away.
Eaia ieh Eaia.

' But Torngarsuk looked on us kind,
And helped us in our game;
And gave us skill 'gainst tide and wind:
He often does the same.
Eaia ieh Eaia.

' And now our dogs, and wives, and we,
Our wives so plump and strong,
Our dogs so true, our babes so spee,
We'll join in feast and song.
Eaia ieh Eaia.

"The most successful fishers received particular honours from all. Between the songs and dances the men caressed their dogs. When fatigue began to creep upon the dancers, they planned a hunting expedition for the morrow, and then retired to their turf huts to rest."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MOON'S PEEP INTO ROME *

"I COME direct from Rome," said the Moon, on one of the evenings when she cheered me by a visit. "There in the centre of the city, upon one of the seven hills, are the ruins of the imperial palace—that is the house in which the powerful emperors of Rome once dwelt; the wild fig tree grows in the clefts of the walls, and adorns their nakedness with its broad, grey-green leaves. Amid the ruin heaps, the ass strays, and finds among the laurels many a dainty thistle. From that spot, in the old times, Rome's imperial eagles flew; now the entrance to the palace of the Cæsars is through a poor and wretched house, built of clay, between two broken marble

* Translation from the original Danish of Andersen.

columns. The vine hangs in festoons over its small crooked window. An old woman with her little grand-daughter live there; they rule in the palace of the Roman emperors, and show its ruined glories to the strangers who visit it.

"Of the rich throne chamber, only the naked walls remain. The dark cypress points with its long shadows to the place where the throne stood. Instead of the decorated floor, the earth now lies in broken and uneven heaps. The little girl, the daughter of Rome's imperial palace, is fond of sitting on her low stool in that room when the evening bells are ringing. She stands before the door sometimes, and calls the spot her balcony—for standing there, she can see half Rome, she can see the dome of the splendid Church of St. Peter.

"This evening being very still, and my light being bright and clear," the Moon continued, "she was tempted to go out. I saw her returning; she carried upon her head an antique formed clay pitcher, filled with water; her feet were bare, her short petticoats were rather tattered; I shone upon her round shoul-

ders, her dark eye, and her glistening black hair. She went up the steps that led to the door of the house; they were steep, and built of the fragments of the ruined walls, and of a broken capital; the many-coloured lizard slipped by at her feet, quickly and coyly; but she did not start from it.

"She lifted her hand to pull the bell string at the door, that her grandmother might open to her. The bell string was a bit of plaited coloured yarn, into which she had that morning twisted some buttercup flowers. Such is the bell-pull on the entrance door to the Cæsar's palace; she dropped her hand for a moment, turned and looked at me, and at all around her; then she stood and thought. I cannot say what she thought upon;* perhaps it was on her little friends in the city below, who were met together and chanting songs—songs, which she also knew; it was a festival day in Rome.

Still she looked sweetly at me and looked all

* Here the translator has omitted a short passage which she thought objectionable.

around; as she turned, her hand was again lifted to pull the coloured yarn. At that moment her foot stumbled on an edge of the uneven step, the clay pitcher fell from her head, and was dashed into pieces on the broken marble capital that formed the step beneath her. She burst into tears. The beautiful daughter of Rome's imperial palace wept over the broken clay pitcher. With bare feet she stood on the ruinous steps and wept, not daring now to pull the coloured yarn, the bell string of the Roman Cæsar's palace."

CHAPTER V.

DR. HERSCHEL AND THE MOON.

"I HAVE often looked upon astronomers as they have gazed up at me," said the Moon, one night when she visited me. "I have seen their great pleasure as they made, or thought they made, some new discovery concerning me. I was looking right down upon Dr. Herschel on the evenings of April 19th and 20th, of the year 1787.

"There he was on the first of those evenings, with his telescope fixed for me. His sister was at his side, she who has lately died; she was young then, full of gaiety and hope, and enjoyed pursuing astronomical inquiries with the aid and guidance of her distinguished brother. They were in great spirits, for as they gazed, they observed upon my

pale orb, an unusual appearance. I showed them a brighter light, though perhaps less steady than I ordinarily give. Theirs was like the joy of the

> "'——watcher of the skies,
> When some new planet shoots into his ken.'

"Dr. Herschel had several times before, and especially in 1783, seen the like, though less distinctly and brightly than now. The fact was, that I was at that time sending forth from one of my volcanoes or burning mountains, (the largest of all of them) a quantity of burning matter. The Doctor supposed it to be of the same kind as that lava which is seen on the surface of your earth to rise at times from your own burning mountains, such as Vesuvius or Etna; and perhaps you may imagine that he was not very wrong. He gazed with delight and called his sister to look with him. They observed, and measured, and compared; sometimes the eye of one, and sometimes that of the other, was at the telescope. Occasionally it was pointed from me for a few minutes to some other heavenly body, especially

to the Georgian planet, and to the third moon of Jupiter, in order, that by the help of these other bodies, they might the better compare and measure what they noted with regard to me. I saw them mark down many things on paper. Presently the Doctor sat down to his desk and wrote letters to several other astronomers, to inform them of his observations. He, however, continually rose from it and looked again at me. It was almost morning before he, and his sister and helper, retired to rest.

"The next evening,—that was the 20th of April,—I perceived the telescope fixed again, and as early as possible he caught a view of me.

"'More vivid than ever,' he cried to his sister enthusiastically, and in fact, I was showering forth the molten flood of lava, even more vigorously than the night before."

CHAPTER VI.

THE MOON'S ACCOUNT OF GILIMER, KING OF THE VANDALS IN BARBARY.

"I HAVE looked upon many cities which were mighty in ancient times, but which now lie in ruins," said the Moon. "Carthage is one of these. In the place where it once stood, is now the wretched village of Beloma.

"Since the day when Queen Dido fled in distress from Tyre, and with her few followers founded Carthage, I have been acquainted with the several peoples who have, each in turn, borne sway there. I have beheld within the city many a scene of festivity and enjoyment, and I have seen also deeds of blood and the havoc of war which have been visited upon her children.

"It has often been known to happen, that whilst two persons were contending together, some ill-disposed rogue has come up, and seized anything he could get, belonging to either. Perhaps he has been invited by one party to assist him against the other. It is a fine opportunity for a thief; he can steal easily from men who are so busy in their strife, that they forget to attend to their property. The same thing has occurred sometimes with regard to nations. So it was with Carthage, which after long struggles, had at length become the capital of the Roman dominions in Africa. The governor of the African provinces revolted against his masters at home, and the Vandals made their profit of the occasion to establish their own power there.

"In this case they had been invited by the people of Carthage to come to their succour,—they came, but it was to seize the country for themselves. From my height I looked down, and saw the Vandals exulting in their success, and in having gained a new territory of so much importace; but their exultation was not very long. The Romans were

not content to allow them empire there; for many years they struggled with them.

"At length I saw the last Vandal king reduced to the extremity of distress. He had usurped the throne from the usurpers—a double usurpation; now the Romans would drive him from it; they had already taken from him his capital and deprived him of his chief power. He sought refuge in the town called Medamus, at the top of the Pappuan mountain, and there the Roman officer Pharas, under the renowned General Belisarius, laid siege to him.

"I often looked upon him, and his garrison, and the citizens of Medamus, and saw them suffer terrible distress; they were soon in want of provisions, and presently the want was so great, that they were almost famished, for the enemy at the foot of the mountain watched them closely and they could not obtain fresh supplies. The ascent of the Pappuan was, however, steep, and the position of the garrison at its summit strong, and they held out a long time. For three winter months I had seen them suffering much, but quite determined still to

resist. Then Pharas wrote to King Gilimer, a letter as kind as a besieging general could address to the man whom he wished to subdue. In this epistle he invited him to yield. The king took the letter well, though he would not consent to surrender. I saw him indite his reply. The room was lighted by lamps, but I peeped in through a chink at the window, between the curtains. He wept; his officers were around him; some of them tried to persuade him to surrender; it was in vain, he refused to do so; but he begged Pharas as a generous enemy, to send him a loaf of wheaten bread, a sponge, and a lute—the loaf because he longed again to taste the bread which men who were free to go where they would, ate—the sponge he needed, to bathe a tumour on his eye; and he asked for a lute, because, barbarian as he was, he loved music. He could play, and had made some verses on his own misfortunes, which he wished to set to music. The letter was despatched, and Pharas sent the unhappy king the things which he desired.

"I then often saw him strike the lute, for it was

when my 'silver baptism' was spread over the mountains and the town, that he most wished for music; it seemed to soothe his captivity. His sister was with him in his mountain fastness, and she too, loved to touch it; he would listen quite entranced, as she caused the soft sounds to float upon the moon-lit air.

"One day I beheld a fearful scene, not soft and musical, but harsh and jarring. It was a strife between two young boys, one of whom was his sister's son. They fought savagely; blood flowed, and death might have followed, but that the king hearing the fray, went to see what was the matter. He separated the boys. What had they battled for? It was for a morsel of baked dough which lay upon the coals; one boy seized it and would have eaten it; but the other tried to obtain it, and at length forced it from him. Gilimer was so shocked at the dreadful hunger which his relations and friends endured, and at the savage and selfish dispositions to which it tempted them, that he wrote that night to Pharas, and told him he would surrender; and so

he did. With him passed away the empire of the Vandals in Barbary. He soon died of grief, though the Romans, after they had vanquished him, treated him with generosity and gentleness."

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOON'S ACCOUNT OF BABYLON'S HANGING GARDENS.

"I USED to look upon Babylon of old," the Moon declared to me on one of her visits. "I watched the workmen when they were building that queen of cities. I saw them lay brick upon brick, and plaster them together with bitumen, which is the strongest kind of mortar, until at length the walls which surrounded Babylon, sixty miles in measure, were completed. These walls were so thick that six chariots might drive on them abreast. Looking down in another spot, I saw other workmen working in other fashion. They were melting and founding the brazen gates, which were to give the inhabitants the means of entering their city, or leaving it through those wondrous walls.

"Then, as years rolled on, new works, not less splendid, were added. The Chaldeans, proud and powerful, exulted in their city; they were stronger than the surrounding nations, and they subjected some of them to their sway. But it is not of these things, nor of their superstitions, nor, their science, that I wish to tell you this evening; it is rather of one particular structure within Babylon, on which I was used to look with pleasure, namely, the hanging gardens. On these," the Moon continued, "I think with the more interest, because my beams have great effect on plants, and having done service to the trees, and plants, and shrubs of the hanging gardens, I remember with a sort of affection those receivers of my benefits, so long since passed away.

"I had often seen the Queen Amyte speak to her husband, King Nebuchadnezzar, concerning the flowers, and groves, and hills, and forests of the country of her birth, Media, which she had admired and enjoyed much indeed. I had looked down upon her many a time when, as a child, she sported with glee and delight in the gardens of her

father, or roamed among the hills and groves around. Nebuchadnezzar loved Amyte; so on one occasion, when she talked to him, he said to her, 'Well, we will see what can be done to obtain for the Queen of Babylon, some of the pleasures she enjoyed when she was a Median princess.'

"The next day he called together the most skilful men of the city, told them of the Queen's taste for hills, and groves, and flowers, and consulted them how they might best indulge it within the walls of Babylon. They requested to consider the matter before they should answer the king. I need not tell you of the several plans that were thought of; I do not know them all, for I was not always by when the thing was discussed, but I soon perceived that something was decided, for presently I saw many workmen busily engaged; there were Chaldeans and Jews, Medes and Persians, and some even from the islands of the Mediterranean, all collected together in the king's pay, and they of each nation, wished to prove themselves more skilful workmen than the rest. It seemed to me that the

king was urgent and hastened them, for they worked not only when the sun gave his strong and glorious light, but also under my pale beams, and, ah! how vigorously they laboured. First, they enclosed a large space of ground, lying around the palaces and by the river's side, and built a wall around it as much as twenty-two feet thick, that is, so thick that four persons might have laid down across the top of the wall in a line, each person's head touching the feet of the other beyond him; perhaps the feet of the last, would have reached just beyond the edge of the wall.

"The next proceeding was, to raise the ground within this wall in terraces, one above another, which they did by building strong arches in tiers, one rising higher than the other, till the last reached the outer wall in height. The floor of each terrace was made over the tier of arches which supported it, in the following manner. First, above the arches was laid a pavement of stones or gravel; then came a layer of reeds, mingled with bitumen, and joined together with it; on this layer two courses of bricks

were laid, which were well cemented together, and above this brick floor, thick sheets of lead were run together, so that no water could escape through them. On this last covering of lead, was laid the best and richest mould that King Nebuchadnezzar could procure, and especially on the upper terraces it was spread so thickly, that great trees could root themselves in it. Moreover, the soil on the different terraces was of various kinds, for even in those early days, men understood enough of the culture of trees, and plants, and flowers, to know that some thrive in one kind of soil, and others in a mould composed of different ingredients.

"When the whole was finished, every possible variety of trees, shrubs, and flowering plants was introduced into the gardens; and the whole were arranged so as to produce the best effect. From one terrace to another the ascent was by ten steps, and on the terraces, amid the parterres and borders, were winding walks. From the highest terrace the beholder looked down upon the squares of Babylon,

with all its mighty buildings, and upon the river Euphrates, as it crossed the city.

"I saw Queen Amyte's delight when at length the gardens were completed, and wandering in the winding walks and mounting from terrace to terrace, she looked up to the trees above her head, and down upon the flowers which gemmed the ground at her feet with their many-coloured blossoms, and filled the soft air with their fragrant scent. She thanked King Nebuchadnezzar graciously, and I often saw them wander there together whilst they talked of the affairs of the kingdom, or the events of the day, or of the Queen's family in Media, and whilst they stopped from time to time to examine some plant or flower which the Queen particularly admired, and on which I was shedding my light."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MOON'S ACCOUNT OF THE FALL OF ONE OF THE MOUNTAINS IN THE CHAIN OF THE CEVENNES IN FRANCE.

I HAD not seen the Moon for some time, and though I had been very much occupied, having now obtained a considerable supply of work, yet I had time enough to miss the bland and cheerful face of my first friend in Hamburgh. My little daughters missed her too, and often asked me when she would return. At length she came again, the crescent Moon; my babes prattled about her to one another, and kissed their fingers to her; and I with pleasure waited for the history which I knew she soon would give me. When we had exchanged greetings, and looked pleasantly upon one another for some minutes, she spoke thus :—

"I was out in the sky, shining clearly and

brightly on the evening of the 23rd of June, 1727; but in my desire to look down upon that part of your earth, and see what was passing there, I had had for some days, much to contend with, and in fact I had discerned very little for a week previously, for there had been rain and storm, and the atmosphere had been so thick and cloudy, that my rays could not penetrate it. The storms had, however, passed away, and on that evening I was shining softly on the chain of the Cevennes in the south of France. Those mountains are beautifully scattered and grouped, their summits are usually covered with snow, and on their sides grey rocks and basaltic columns, abut in picturesque admixture with grassy slopes and with reaches, richly wooded.

"On the declivity of one of them, in the vicinity of the Puy de Sansi, and not very distant from the Plomb de Contal, whose snowy peaks rose beautifully in the distance, there once stood a lovely, peaceful village called Pradines. Pradines stands there no longer; the mountain on which it was built stands no longer on its ancient base; herds and

flocks no longer browse upon its sides; the goat and the chamois no longer leap from crag to crag, or from one basaltic column to another on its ascent. The mountain on which Pradines stood is amongst the things—those many things—which have been, and which are no more. Listen, and I will explain.

"The chain of the Cevennes is chiefly of basaltic structure, like some of the elevations or islands in the north of Ireland and on the west of Scotland. These Cevennes mountains have been always subject to tempests. There are naturalists who have visited them, and who declare that they have the appearance of volcanoes which have long since exhausted themselves; other naturalists contradict that opinion, and say that these basaltic hills have never known volcanic action. I smile when men dispute about what I well know, and sometimes think they *prove* the contrary to truth. All agree that, from whatever cause, they have been visited sometimes with earthquake shocks, and that in the violence of winter tempests, from time to

time, portions of these mountains have fallen into the valleys below. Acirs also have descended, for so, in that spot are termed avalanches, whether they be avalanches of earth, or of water, and fearful havoc has been made.

"My light looked upon the saddest scene on the day of which I have spoken. Gladness and sorrow are often very near each other, and so it was now.

"I saw upon a green plain, about a quarter of a mile from the foot of this mountain, all the inhabitants of Pradines assembled. They were dressed in their gayest clothes, and seemed full of joy. The weather, as I have said, had been stormy for some time past, and on the 21st of June, Midsummer's day, wind, and rain, and tempest had prevented them from holding their wonted festival, to celebrate Midsummer's eve: now they were assembled to do so. Old and young, men and women, all were there together. Even the infants were there; the women had carried them with them, that none might be left at home to nurse them. A sick woman and boy, the only two persons who were ill in the

village, were there also; they had been carried with the rest, that they might be revived by the freshness of the evening, and enjoy the festive scene. It was a general rejoicing; none were left out.

"It was early, but I was in the sky. The good peasants of Pradines had made a large bonfire; they danced around it, and between the dances they drank to each other's health in the weak vinous liquor made in their own cabins. As I looked upon the children, I saw them especially full of glee:

"'The life of childhood is all mirth;
We frolic to and fro,
And dance about, as if on earth
Were no such thing as woe.'

"The young men and women also appeared particularly happy; they had much to say to each other. There was one young man, called Jaques Comines, a comely and well-conducted youth; he was talking with a blooming girl, named Marie Deville. She seemed pleased to listen. They were to be married during the following week, and he had just finished building the pretty rustic chaumière which they

were to inhabit. He turned towards the hill, and pointing up to it, said,

" ' Marie, our future abode looks well from hence. How grand are the Puy de Sansi and the Plomb de Contal there, in the distance, capped in venerable snow! You know that neither of those mountains is more than six thousand feet in height, though they are two of the highest in the chain, but, looking at them from this point, they might be much more. Really, it is a prettier home than many a noble possesses, whose château is upon some plain. Heaven grant that we may prosper in it, as I am sure we shall be happy there. How well the vine that I have planted will look, Marie, when it has reached the roof, and comes trailing its festoons over the thatch.' His looks told a tale of gladness and of hope, of truth and goodness.

" The elder people were for the most part resting on the turf. The parents, well pleased to observe their children's pleasure, prepared the supper, which was to be enjoyed after the dancing should cease. I looked down benevolently upon all; but I looked

with pity, and apprehension, and concern, for I had seen what the villagers knew not; I had seen the mountain on which this sweet hamlet stood, crack in several parts; I had observed a trembling of the ground, and I feared what it might portend.

"Presently the dancing ceased, and group by group, or pair by pair, those young villagers seated themselves on the turf by their parents, and grandsires, and infant brothers or sisters. The supper began; peals of merry laughter rang around, and every voice was cheerful. Not a babe disturbed the joy of the occasion by its infantine cry; it would have been an ill-timed cry. Some of these innocents slept, some ate sweetmeats upon their mother's knees, and some answered with smiles to the caresses of neighbours. I saw that Jaques and Marie were seated side by side, near to her parents and brothers and sisters; Jaques had carried a plate of dried fruits to Marie's mother, and had brought back a curly-headed boy in his arms: it was Marie's youngest brother. He was playing with the child, who sat upon his knee.

"Suddenly, the merry laugh, the cheerful sound, which that company had sent up into the firmament, ceased.

"'Hush! hush!' cried several voices in a breath, and in terror-stricken tone.

"Dead silence reigned, every eye was turned towards the mountain; hand was clasped in hand, and mothers pressed their babes more closely to their breasts, as they gazed in speechless agony, and looked and listened, to catch their fate. The mountain first appeared to rock, while fragments of earth rolled heavily down its sides; then, with one mighty crash, the whole mass gave way, and fell in chaos on the plain. The smiling hamlet was seen no more; it lay buried deep amid the mass of rock and soil. The people, late so gladsome, had lost their homes, their all. Some eyes sinking, had turned away, and some were gazing still, gazing as if they could not cease to look, or as if they hoped it had been some delusion of their vision, and they would strain their sight to see aright.

"I told you that I have looked upon many a

scene of sorrow," the Moon continued, "but I have seldom contemplated one of greater distress than this. For some moments there was the deepest silence; horror sat on every countenance; most of the people kept their eyes fixedly upon the spot where the mountain, and the village, and their houses had stood; then a cry of distress arose, which rent the air, and lifted its deep notes of woe to heaven. The infant children joined it; they did not understand the calamity that had befallen them; but they heard their parents cry, and therefore wept. Mothers looked upon their babes, and shrieked more loudly than before. Lamentations and notes of despair were heard on every side; not a tongue was silent; the first burst of human agony, the first movement of human sympathy, sought vent in universal wailing. Melting pity moved me, as I looked upon the scene, and wondered what was to become of these poor villagers!

"But as I steadfastly gazed, I soon saw that all did not continue to act alike—all did not continue to utter cries of woe; one or two of the women had

dropped upon the ground and fainted; others caressed their babes, and sought to soothe the terror which had seized them. Some of the people were already whispering words of comfort and of hope to others who seemed paralyzed by the stroke. I observed one man turn to a young woman and an older one, who were at his side, and who held three children in their arms. Embracing them, he said, 'Let us, my dearest wife and mother, meet our misfortune with courage; let us rejoice and bless God that we are spared to one another. We must begin life again. I will work harder than ever for you and for our babes. We shall find charity and soft pity to meet us in our distress, and help our present wants; then soon, my beloved ones, I shall have raised a new *chaumière*, in a safer spot; and He who feeds the ravens, and clothes them with the glossy black plumage that they wear, will clothe and feed us. Oh, doubt it not! Take courage, then, and, with courage, take comfort!'

"He took his second child out of his wife's arms, for he saw that her knees were trembling, and her

cheeks were pale. She could ill sustain the weight. She looked at him with affection and with pride, in the midst of all her grief, and restrained her tears.

"'Dearest Henri,' she said, 'I will not add to your affliction; you shall give me your courage, and I will help you in your labours. I will strive to be the wife that you deserve.'

"His mother cried exultingly, 'Ah! he is the son that I have trained; I shall never blush for him!' But the three children still sobbed as loudly as before. Poor little ones! they understood only that some great and terrific ill had visited their parents, and all their parents' friends. They looked with alarm before, and behind, and around, in expectation of some further and unknown catastrophe.

"I turned my eyes towards the spot where Jaques stood by Marie. In his arms he held that curly-headed boy.

"'All my work is gone, Marie!' he said, 'the pretty *chaumière* lies buried under that mass; the very ground on which it stood has vanished; we have lost our worldly goods, and have no roof to

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shelter us; but you are left to me, and I am left to you. We shall now be even more than ever yet we have been to one another. Let us begin by sustaining each other under this first misfortune that we suffer together in life. This will test what our union is worth—what we are worth to one another. We shall start afresh a little later; but you can hardly think how diligently I shall work to build again for you, Marie.'

"I saw them go together to the spot where her parents stood, and speak to them words of comfort. The curly-headed boy, whom Jaques carried with him, looked amazed and shocked, but he did not cry. Jaques promised to help them in building their new abode, and said that he would not take Marie away till all was right again.

"Whilst this was going on, I saw others of the villagers cast themselves upon the ground in frantic gestures, and continue to utter cries of despair. Some of them tore their garments or their hair, and others, I grieve to speak it, accused one another.

"Ah!" the Moon went on, breaking off her history for a moment, "I assure you that I have often occasion to observe, when people are put to the test, the difference that there is between one and another;" and as she said these words, her rays brightened, she seemed to direct them full upon my babes, who, seated on low stools upon the floor, listened to her sad tale.

"Teach those dear children," she said, "that life has duties and sorrows, as well as pleasures. Teach them to bear with courage whatever may befal them! Teach them not to be amiable and sweet only when all goes smoothly, when all that happens helps to make them glad. Teach them how the wise and the good bear crosses and sorrows, and how they make their sorrows less!"

I resolved that I would indeed endeavour to teach my little daughters all the duties to which they might be called in life, and that I would seek to inspire them with that greatness of mind which half disarms misfortune.

The Moon continued, "I soon saw a patriarch

of the village, an aged man, stand forth to speak. The people looked towards him and listened, for he was a friend to all. Even the children, for the most part, ceased to cry, and listened with their parents.

"Let us act, he said, like men, and like Christian men. None are so clever, that they can pass through life without encountering its ills; but those are the wise, who, when misfortunes come, so meet them, as to suffer the least possible injury from them. We have lost our homes and our possessions, and we may well lament; yet, remember, friends, that lamentations will not build us new cottages; we had better, therefore, not indulge them too long. I have two things to remind you of, my dear fellow-sufferers. One is, that we are *all here together*; we have not to mourn one of our number buried under those ruins; every feeble, aged man, and every helpless infant child, is with us; no mother deplores that her babe lies crushed yonder; and no young daughter shudders that a parent is taken from her by a horrible and sudden death. The second thing of which I wish to remind you

is, that this is the moment for activity. We want immediate shelter; we should hold present council together, to consider what step we should now take; and to-morrow we should again hold council to consider how we shall best set about repairing our disaster. Let me pray you, who are still giving way to the wildness of your sorrow, and increasing one another's sufferings by your reproaches, to restrain yourselves, and join the conference; never did we more need each other's love and help than now.'

"One good man may do much. I soon saw the people deep in council. Presently I observed them begin to march; the reproaches had ceased; the stronger were helping along the weaker, and carrying the little children. I lent them my light, and many an eye was turned upwards to me, and seemed to derive comfort from my answering looks. There was a village just a league distant from the buried Pradines; it was the chief village of the district; there was the church, and there dwelt the minister of religion appropriated for all the hamlets round.

"Thither, then, the people of Pradines directed their course. They arrived in the stillness of the night. The inhabitants were gone to rest.

"I saw the mournful procession go to the house of the minister; he was still a watcher; it was his wont to study through the early hours of the night. He went out into the open air, and listened to the tale of the afflicted people; I saw him conversing with them: Christian piety beamed upon his venerable features. I cannot tell all that passed, for a cloud or two stole between my orb and your earth, and obscured my sight; but when those clouds were rolled away, I observed the reverend man lift from a shelf a heavy key—it was the key of the church door.

"'It will not desecrate the house of God,' he said, 'to lodge you within its walls, till, with the dawning day, we can apply to your brethren of this village to give you shelter and aid.'

"They passed the night there. With the early day, after he had led them in the prayers of the church, he went forth with them into the village. A

piteous group they looked as they moved along in procession.

"In times of sorrow, great virtues are shown; and I have often seen the poor truly kind, and most self-denying in their kindness, to those who are poorer still than they. The sufferers were taken in—one, two, or three, into each family, as those who received them had means. Thus the whole, two hundred and twenty-three, were housed, and the hospitable villagers who received them, said they would delight in sharing with them their barley bread, and goat's-milk cheese, and dried fruits, till they could be put into dwellings of their own; and so they did. Many a worthy cottager pinched her own meal, that she might spare a part to the fugitive whom she had sheltered. I saw one young girl take off her petticoat, to give it to an aged woman, who had been terribly chilled by her night's march, and by the damp of the cold church. I saw one and another of the unfortunates in every house, being warmed, and fed, and cheered; and for that time I slipped on my way.

"Two days later, I perceived a little colony busily at work in a pleasant vale, not a mile from this village; they had spades, pickaxes, and trowels; they were beginning to build, or rather, were preparing for building; there were men, women, and boys. I knew some of their features well again; they were the people of the late Pradines, who had got a grant of land, and were commencing a new hamlet; but with them were also many others, who were helping them in their work. Vigorously they laboured under my beams, and they sang as they laboured. So it was many nights when I looked.

"The people of Pradines never had been more happy; they never had tasted so sweetly, a s now, the milk of human kindness. Every village or pretty hamlet around sent something to their aid. It was generally a few assistant labourers who came in the name of the whole inhabitants to work at the building; some brought materials; the rich families also subscribed; and clothes, and food, articles of furniture, with some little money, were furnished to them in such abundance, that they became more affluent

than they had been in their old village, and were able to build better habitations than they had before enjoyed. The dwellers in the neighbourhood were also happy, for they understood the privilege of helping the distressed.

> " ' Mercy is not strain'd ;
> It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.' "

" On my second lunation after this time, I saw the people to whom the misfortune had befallen, already lodged in their new habitations, in a smiling valley of the Cevennes. Jaques and Marie had a very pretty *chaumière ;* a rough trellis, formed of the thin branches of the unbarked pine, covered the front; already creepers were growing and enlarging their tendrils or their running shoots amongst its diamonds. It was a better *chaumière* than that in which they were to have lived in Pradines. I was there upon the evening of their wedding day, when they went into their new abode : I had not often looked upon a happier or a worthier pair."

CHAPTER IX.

THE MOON'S ACCOUNT OF SOME BEES IN THE OURALIAN MOUNTAINS.

On one of her peeps at me, the Moon addressed me thus :—

"There is no part of the earth on which you live that I do not visit; I cast my soft, chaste light upon the pinnacles of ice rocks at the pole, which glitter coldly under my beam. I look upon the snowy plains of Siberia, and the groves whence

"'Spicy breezes, blow soft from Ceylon's isle.'"

"The cairn-gorm sends back my reflection from the sides of its Scottish mountain bed; the soft beauties of Geneva's lake in Switzerland, and the grandeur of Lock Assynt and Loch Fine, in North Britain, are increased under my influence.

" 'And would'st thou view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by my pale clear light;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When my cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower.
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go—but go alone the while—
To view St. David's ruined pile.' "

"I see the whale sport on Greenland's coast, and the flying fish lift himself from his watery bed, more often, alas! to escape a pursuer, than to enjoy the charms of a new element.

"I wish to-day to give you an account of a humble but busy colony that lived in the Ouralian Mountains; but before I do so, I must tell you a little about those mountains themselves.

"The Ouralian chain knows each variety of

climate, from the intense cold that is experienced at the polar circle, to the sweet soft temperature enjoyed in the southern parts of the wide Russian empire. As you travel northwards from the region where this mountain chain first presents itself to view, the cold increases with every few versts of distance, (a verst is nearly equal to a mile); besides which, as you ascend each individual elevation, the air becomes more rare and keen in proportion as you gain in altitude or height. The highest of these mountains is not more than five thousand feet above the level of the sea, and they are more remarkable for their products, and as occurring in a country which is unusually flat, than as being in themselves magnificent.

"The Russian people, however, who are used to vast plains, who from north to south, and from east to west, hardly know any thing of hill till they come to this natural boundary of their European empire, and who, till lately, had very little conception of the geography of the rest of the globe, call the chain the '*Semenoï Poïas*,' or girdle of the world; and they

are not disconcerted if foreigners smile. Those Russians are a remarkable people; I imagine that they are to do great things in the history of your earth; I have much to tell you about them at some time or other.

"The world's girdle produces minerals of great value. Extensive and beautiful forests also clothe in many parts, the mountains' sides. The oak spreads its stately limbs and fine foliage abroad upon them; the elm flourishes there; the ash gives its humbler shade, and several kinds of firs mingle with the sycamore, the alder, the aspen, the maple, and the light, graceful birch, while both the heavier and the more elegant trees, gain by the contrast which they make to each other.

"Towards the foot of the mountains, various fruit bearing shrubs, mix with the lime and birch, and other wood of secondary growth, and ripen abundance of delicious wild fruit. There is a transparent kind of apple, equal to the peach in flavour; the apricot, cherry, gooseberry, and currant, are also wild there, and upon the mossy turf the cranberry,

bilbery, and fine alpine strawberry, offer their abundant produce.

"The inferior animal creation shares nature's feast with man, and the breeze carries tidings of her treasures, all tempting, ripe, and fragrant as they are, to various tribes of the insect world. Wild bees in numerous swarms occupy hollow trees in the woods.

"It was last summer, that one of these swarms fixed much of my attention. It had been a little fastidious in choosing the place of its abode, but at last, the queen bee had settled her colony in the cavity of an ancient oak; this measure had been approved of by all her majesty's council, even the most refractory of her ministers had found no objection to offer, (and there *was* one unmanageable cavilling spirit amongst their number, who had harassed her grievously by his unreasonable opposition to several previous proposals;) but as I have said, even he, had nothing now to object against the settlement. The situation was perfect; the limes, mingling with other flowering trees, were in abun-

dance as far as the bees could fly; the ground was absolutely carpeted by flowering plants; there was a lime tree quite close to the ancient oak, which was literally a mass of blossoms, and which filled the air with so delicious and tempting a fragrance, that when the bees were settled in their new abode, they could not prevail upon themselves to discontinue their day's work at the proper hour for repose and retirement; it was well that the tree was so near at hand, for its abundant stores induced the little workmen sometimes to load themselves too heavily with both wax, honey, and bee-bread, or farina of flowers, so that if they had had far to fly home, they might have sunk on the way.

"There were other most tempting productions of the vegetable kingdom within a short distance of the old oak; there was the clear Chinese apple, of which I have before spoken, whose white, transparent, and luscious fruit, excited the attacks of more than one insect colony; there was a species of rose growing abundantly in the low wood; and there were the Siberian crab, the wild

cherry, and the stone bramble, all, either in flower, or in fruit; honey might also be obtained from the exudations of the birch, from the blossoms of some of the taller forest trees, and from a thousand small and lovely plants, flowering on the grassy turf and mossy banks, from whence those trees arose. There were several of the saxifrage tribe, one or two salvias, a campion, the fritillaria, and many others; I can only enumerate a very small portion of the flora of that alpine forest region, where the mild climate and productive soil send forth many of nature's choicest treasures, which appear to appreciate their favoured circumstances,

> " ' For 'tis my faith that every flower
> Enjoys the air it breathes.' "

" For some time the swarm prospered wonderfully. The hollow in the oak tree trunk, which made at once her majesty's palace and the habitation of her numerous subjects, as well as the storehouse for their provisions, was fortunately well-shaped for the purposes to which it was applied; it was sheltered from wind and weather, and in all ways was

a desirable abode. No sooner had the bees taken possession of it, then before commencing the construction of their city at large, or of their particular habitations, they patched up every inconvenient crevice with wax, and in fact made a waxen coating, wherever the wood was imperfect or rough. Order and loyalty pervaded their kingdom; much honey was collected, clear and of excellent flavour; the wax also was of superior quality, and it was so abundant, that in their formation of the cells, the bees were able to use enough to make their walls of good thickness. Many young bees were produced, and the kingdom was in all respects flourishing. The inhabitants were attached to their sovereign lady the queen, and she rejoiced in the wealth and well-being of her dutiful subjects; she had said once or twice to her obstreperous minister, 'You are a very clever bee, my lord of Kentucky, and your propositions are often of essential importance, but there is really nothing left here to improve upon; we could not be more advantageously circumstanced than we are. I think that you yourself,

my lord, could scarcely wish more than we possess. Is it not so ?' And his lordship did entirely acquiesce with her majesty.

" It happened, indeed, in that bee establishment, as in others, that a strong and daring wasp would occasionally take an opportunity, when the population seemed most busily employed, to creep softly within the bee city in the oak tree, and inserting his head cautiously into the cells, to sip a little honey; but he was usually discovered before he had made half a meal, and driven off with disgrace, if even he escaped with his life.

" One time I perceived some earwigs steal into the city in the night when the bees slept; they made a large supper, but being found in the morning, a massacre ensued; the earwigs were stung to death, and then dragged out of the hollow; after which the bees appeared for some time to be very busily engaged in cleansing their polluted habitation.

" It was on a soft night in July, that I was delighting myself in looking down upon the Ouralian

mountains. Ah! how many beauties I saw there, and how many beauties I created there also! All people of taste have ever held, that my silver beams produce great effect in heightening the charms of a landscape.

"On that mild and pleasant night Russian peasants were abroad in the woods, getting fruit, which they would eat or preserve, and fragrant blossoms, which they would sell to the druggists for making scents, and a kind of fungus which grows there, and which they use in cookery. They were glad, cheerful beings, those *mugics*, or peasants. Singing their native songs, they looked up from time to time at me, and then the song would cease, while they spoke to one another of the pleasure of passing a moonlight night in the woods, and gathering fruit, to which my rays pointed them.

"Other beings besides Russian *mugics* were moving in the wood; amongst these, a little mouse particularly drew my attention. He had a family in a nest in some long grass at but a short distance from the foot of the oak where dwelt the bees; he

had often smelt their delicious honey, and had wished much to taste a little of it; but bees are dangerous foes, and he had not yet ventured to try. He was very hungry, and he thought this light night favourable; so he stole softly to the foot of the tree. There he paused to listen; not a buzz was to be heard; he began to climb the trunk till he came to the edge of the hole. Again he listened; no sound whatever could he hear, except the beating of his own heart, which went pit pat, as he thought of the danger of his situation. He believed the bees were sleeping, and he entered their hole. No sentinel gave the alarm, and nothing obstructed his advance. On he went, looking slyly round, and listening every instant; still no sound, not a buzz of anger or of war.

"I could see all this quite plainly, as I looked into the hollow tree; when he had stood still some time listening attentively, and ready to retreat if any sound should alarm him, he gained a little courage, and choosing a convenient part of the comb, began to feast. He had eaten a very good meal,

and was considering how he should contrive to get a fine piece of the waxen storehouse nibbled round, so that he could carry it home to his young ones, (they all depended upon him alone, their mother was dead,) when he first heard a gentle buzz. He became in an instant perfectly still, being very much terrified. It was clear that some bee had awakened, but Mr. Mouse hoped that if he did not make the least movement, he would never be discovered. He was, however, mistaken. The insect which was aroused had perceived another smell than that of honey; he looked about, he saw nothing, for the robber was in a recess of this cavern in the oak which formed the bee's dwelling, and thus in the shade he lay unperceived; but the awakened bee was quite sure from the odour that something was wrong, so he gave the alarm.

"The poor mouse, though he was much frightened, did not know what extreme danger surrounded him; he imagined that that one low buzz would be hushed, and all would become still again: instead of this, in an incredibly short time that buzz was

multiplied a thousand times; the whole population was up in arms, it was like the rising of an ambush.

"The trespasser could not escape, he was surrounded and stung on every side; he could make no resistance, and in a few minutes he died in agonies from the number and violence of the stings.

"The angry bees for some time fluttered about, and appeared exceedingly excited. I could not tell what they purposed, for I saw nothing but a confused movement; every bee was on the wing; there was as much commotion as in swarming time. Presently I saw the queen; she appeared to have her ministers around her; no doubt Lord Kentucky was there, though I did not distinguish him. By and bye the queen retired, the noise of buzzing was decreased, and I perceived many bees fasten themselves on the body of the dead mouse, and with gasping breath and violent effort, attempt to drag it along in the direction of the opening of the hole of their dwelling-place. They could not stir it; many times the attempt was repeated, and still in

vain, though the little workmen changed about with one another, and employed all their exertions. I think that two hours were consumed in these fruitless efforts. At length the bees, exhausted and dispirited, abandoned their attempt; I could see those who had spent their strength in working the hardest sip a little honey, as if to recruit themselves.

"Again there was great confusion, and soon I could distinguish nothing further, for the entire population was on the wing, violently excited. The buzzing was louder than I had ever before heard it, in that bee kingdom. At length the queen, surrounded as usual by a few persons of distinction among her subjects, appeared again for some seconds; then I lost sight of her amid the crowd. I saw that some new purpose was in contemplation; it was not yet four o'clock in the morning, but the bees began to work sedulously; some of them left the oak tree, they, however, returned quickly, laden; others began to plaster wax upon the body of the mouse; this went on the whole day, and a part of the second

day also, until the corpse was so completely and thickly encrusted with wax, that no smell could arise from it.

"Thus their abode being purified and restored to its usual condition, all went on as before, excepting that some bees had died; for in the extremity of their wrath against the intruding mouse, they had stung him so violently as to leave behind them in his body their stings, and the poison bags which are attached to them; and when a bee does not withdraw his sting, but leaves it in the body of his enemy, he always dies.

"I must tell you before I leave you, that the act of that bee kingdom in the old oak tree was not at all a singular one. It is by no means uncommon for some comparatively large animal to attack a bee colony, and take what honey he can; then the little insects put him to death with their stings, and if they cannot drag him out of the hive, they bury him under their own wax. I saw the very same thing take place only a few days ago, in a beehive belonging to a German peasant near Frankfort. A

frog entered it, and began to take the honey; it was a bold deed, and he would have been glad enough to get off uninjured when he saw all the winged colony hover over him at once, but it was impossible; he died miserably under their stings, and then, since they could not get him out of the hive, they buried him just in the way that I have described.

"The bees of the Ouralian mountains are much valued by the Russian countrymen, who remorselessly take the honey, a great deal of which is sent up to St. Petersburgh, and from thence to the west of Europe. I think it not improbable that you may, without knowing it, have eaten Russian honey."

CHAPTER X.

THE MOON'S PEEP INTO THE THRONE-ROOM OF THE TUILERIES.*

"It happened one evening," said the Moon, "that as I looked down into busy, moving Paris; my eye penetrated into the halls of the Tuileries.

"An aged woman, poorly clad—she was a grandmother, and she belonged to the humblest class of society—followed one of the inferior servants of the palace into the spacious empty throne-hall; she would see this, she desired to see that: it had cost her many a little bribe, much eloquence, and repeated prayers, to obtain admission there. She clasped her bony hands, and looked reverentially around her, as though she had been in a church.

"'It was here,' said she, 'here,' and she ap-

* Translation from the original Danish of Andersen.

proached the throne, from which hung the richly-embroidered velvet. 'There it was, yes, there,' and she bent her knee and kissed the purple drapery; I think she wept.

"'It was not this velvet,' the servant remarked, and a smile played around his lips.

"'But it was here,' the old woman replied, 'and the place looked all as now.'

"'It was just as now, and yet it looked otherwise,' the servant answered; the windows were shattered, the doors were broken in, and there was blood upon the floor! It may yet be seen.

"'Yes,' she cried, 'my son's son died upon the throne of France—*died* there!'

"I heard no further words, and soon they left the hall; the evening twilight closed in, and my beams fell cold and clear upon the rich velvet drapery of the French throne.

"Who do you suppose the old woman was? I will tell you, and in telling you will give you a history. In the July revolution, on the evening of the day when the fury of the mob was at its utmost

height, when every house was a fortress, and every window a sconce, the people stormed the Tuileries. Women and children mingled with the fighting groups, they broke into the chambers and halls. A poor, ill grown and worse taught boy, in rags, fought desperately amongst the older assailants of the palace; at length, mortally wounded by many bayonet thrusts, he sunk to the earth. This happened in the throne-hall; the bleeding boy was lifted from the ground, and laid upon the throne; the velvet drapery was cast over him, and the blood from his wounds streamed amid the royal purple.

"That was a strange picture for my eye to look upon. There was the magnificent hall filled by the wrestling groups, a broken standard lay upon the the floor, the tri-coloured flag waved over the gleaming bayonets, and upon the throne lay the poor boy, his countenance pale in death, his eyes turned upwards, as though they would make their penitent prayer to Heaven after words had failed him, his limbs stiffening. About his naked breast

and ragged clothing lay the rich velvet, adorned with the white lilies of France.

"There had been a prophecy uttered over that boy's cradle—'He shall die upon the throne of France.' His mother's fond heart had dreamed of a new Napoleon. My rays fell on his dying features as he lay mortally wounded and expiring; they now fall often, upon his grave, and upon the wreath of everlasting flowers which his friends from time to time place there; and they fall upon the brow of his grandmother, as she dreams and sees again the image which I have sketched for you, of the poor misled boy, her son's son, dying upon the throne of France, and then I see her wake in tears."

CHAPTER XI.

THE MOON'S REPORTS OF MAJOR HARRIS AND HIS PARTY, WITH SOME INFORMATION CONCERNING ETHIOPIA.*

"I LOVE to contemplate the enterprising and intelligent who dwell on your earth," were the Moon's words to me, one night when she came. "I delight in following them in their useful investigations and undertakings. I had often looked upon an Englishman, named Captain Harris, as he travelled in territories which few civilized men have trod, and also as he wrote an account of what he had seen and done, for the instruction and benefit of those who stay at home.

* See the interesting vols. of Major W. Cornwallis Harris, H.E.I.C. Engineers, entitled, "The Highlands of Ethiopia." See also an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for March 1844.

"One evening I was shining down upon him, as he sat in his saloon, in the city of Bombay, in India, with one or two friends. They were talking over past things—things that would be strange to your ears, but they were not strange to me, for I see and know almost all that passes on your globe. A servant entered, and put a letter into the captain's hand. I saw his face brighten as he glanced it over to himself; then he read it aloud. It was from the Bombay Government, and was as follows:—

"SIR,

"I am directed to inform you that the Honourable the Governor in Council, having formed a very high estimate of your talents and acquirements, and of the spirit of enterprise and decision, united with prudence and discretion, exhibited in your recently-published travels through the territories of the Maselakatze to the Tropic of Capricorn, has been pleased to select you to conduct the mission which the British Government has resolved to send to Sahela Selasse, the King of Shoa, in Southern Abyssinia, whose capital, Ankobar, is supposed to be about 400 miles inland, from the port of Tajura, on the African coast.

* * * * * * Signed,

J. P. WILLOUGHBY."

"His friends congratulated him, and he was evidently much pleased. I heard him say, however, 'There will be no small difficulties and dangers connected with that mission.' But difficulties do not frighten an energetic spirit.

"I slipped on my way.

"From the day on which Captain Harris received the letter, until the close of April 1841, I perceived busy preparations being made in the harbour of Bombay; and then, on a fine afternoon of that month, I saw the gallant Captain, (who, by the way, I will henceforward call by the title of Major, since he now holds that rank,) with his associates, embark on board the ship *Auckland*, to commence their voyage. There were several gentlemen associated with Major Harris, who were distinguished in their pursuit of natural science. He felt that they would be agreeable and able allies. He had with him also a sufficient escort, and a crew of working men. Many of his friends had attended him to the ship; they heartily wished him success. When he and they should meet again, they hoped that he would

have discovered much, that might be of use to society; but he was sailing on an enterprize of danger; and amid the high hope that filled every breast of that group, there were doubtless some thoughts of the uncertainty of the future; for in more than one brave eye there stood a tear, as the party, returning to the shore, bade their adieu to the outward bound. When friends part for distant and dangerous adventure, there is something touchingly solemn in the question which they put to each other, or rather to Providence,—'When shall we meet again?'

"The day had been sultry, but the evening was clear and beautiful. I was high in the sky; and as the Major looked up at me, he observed to Captain Douglas Graham, who stood at his side, that I smiled propitiously on the undertaking.

"The ship rode the waters gallantly. The sailors appeared no less pleased with their mission than the educated gentlemen, who alone fully comprehended it.

"It was not more than nine days after the com-

mencement of the voyage, that I perceived an unusual excitement on the deck. Several men ascended to the mast-head: land had been descried, and all desired to see it. They had run a course of 1700 miles, or nearly as much; and the land which they now hailed with joy, was the stupendous cape of Aden. The Arabians call it Jabel Shemshan. It is a wild mass of rent and rugged rock, rising 1800 feet above the ocean,—a grand, though not beautiful, excrescence of nature.

"The evening had sunk into night, as the ship *Auckland* approached the cape; but every man on board, forgetting his hammock or his berth, gazed intently on the shore. In the garrison of Aden, also, wakeful eyes were strained with interest through the glooming of the dim moonlight, upon the vessel. A blue light sprung up in the offing; it was answered by the illumination of the block ship, and by many a feeling of kindly human sympathy, which thankfully acknowledged the recognition.

"Yes," the Moon continued, "a thrilling sense of human sympathy sometimes touches those who

have never seen each other, or heard each other's names. It is so when a vessel arrives at a port where a garrison from a distant land is lodged, perhaps, amid a barbarous people; the vessel bears the colours of their common country; she has been, it may be, long at sea (though that was not the present case); to the colony such a visit is rare; the crew isolated on the ocean, and the garrison on the shore, though strangers, meet as brothers, and comprehend the tie which binds together men of one race, and blood, and country.

"Presently the air was rent by the thunder of the guns from the garrison. I saw the sailors place the lantern at the vessel's mast-head. Not long after, they cast her anchors in the harbour. So far Major Harris and his crew had pursued their way in safety.

"Five hundred years ago, a writer, called Ben Batuta, of Tangiers, said of Aden, 'It is situated upon the sea-shore; it is a large city, without seed, or water, or tree.' Yet to touch at this desolate place, to have reached it in safety, gave Major Harris

and his people much joy. And why not? Human hearts were there to greet them; the opening of their voyage had been successful; and if nothing that is beautiful is to be found at Aden, there is much there that is new and strange, either to Englishmen, direct from Britain, or to those who are Indianized, by habit and association, if not by birth, as were Major Harris and his party. It was my time for retiring. I did not see the reception of the seafarers at the garrison; but when I was out again during the several following days, I witnessed what was doing at Aden, and the pleasure of the voyagers in observing it.

"Gangs of brawny negroes, from the coast of Zanzibar, (not slaves, but free, bearing the name of Seedies,) were carrying coal for the use of the steamer, and of other steamers which might arrive. They beat a tambourine with the thigh-bone of a calf, making rude, savage music, to the sound of which they worked most vigorously—so vigorously, indeed, that one man, quite exhausted by his toil, dropped on the sand, fainting. These are the

busiest persons on the shore. As for the rock itself, I heard Major Harris say to Captain Douglas Graham, who was walking about with him, 'Why, Captain, this looks like nothing better than heaps of cinders from a glass-house.' They turned to a draughtsman, who was with them, and exclaimed,

"'What can you make of this, sir?'

"'A very good picture,' he replied; 'only I must take it from the sea. It is true that I cannot represent trees or verdure, where nature has bestowed none; but you will see my sketch will be worth looking at, and will well remind you, of a day not to be forgotten in the history of your lives, your first day in Aden.'

"The weather was at this time so fearfully hot, and the rock attracted so much caloric, that all living things moved chiefly, when, under my mild beams, the fierceness of the day was tempered by the evening sea-breeze.

"There I saw the Bedouin Arabs—the descendants of rejected Ishmael—with their bronzed and sunburnt features, surrounded by locks of long, raven-

black, and matted hair, busily employed. One of them, dressed in a kilt of dark blue calico, with a gay kerchief bound around his brow, was loading his dromedary. He led it down to the bazaar; there I lost sight of him, amid many other figures, for the bazaar was thronged with spectators and purchasers.

"Upon the summit and sides of the steep rocks were numerous monkeys, taking their evening's recreation. I must tell you a singular opinion and tradition, which the native Bedouins hold concerning these animals.

"There was in former times an Arab tribe, called the tribe of Ad. They were governed by a king called Sheddad. This king fell under the displeasure of the supposed deities of the place, for no other cause, than that he did not admire the rude rock of Aden, and determined to have, at least somewhere near it, the charms of a garden, which he desired to make as beautiful as that of Paradise. He called the garden *Bostan al Iram.* In it were crystal fountains, and pleasant bowers; its walks were

strewed with pearls; it was planted with flowers and shrubs, most exquisite for scent and beauty: it was a place of ravishing loveliness. The prophet Hud, had, indeed, trembled whilst the work was in progress, and had expressed his fears to King Sheddad; but it was in vain. Sheddad was full of his scheme; he would proceed; and he did so, till one day he found himself and his people looking with strange wonder at each other. They gazed and gazed; and as each asked the other why he gazed upon him so earnestly, the answer was, 'Because I see you growing into an ape.' There were some men who, though they perceived all around them suddenly become apes, and chatter with an ape's unpleasing notes, yet would not believe that they themselves had undergone the change, till looking into the water, they observed their own reflection. So the Bedouins of Aden say, that the monkeys on their rocks are the descendants of the tribe of Ad, and of Sheddad their king. They say, moreover, that the garden *Bostan al Irem* exists still in some favoured spot, near to Aden, though no man has

seen it, or may hope to see it, in this wicked age of the world.

"Major Harris and his party quitted Aden when I was elsewhere on my round; therefore I have nothing to record about their embarkation; nor was it in my power to take note of what befel them till they had again landed, and having made a brief halt at the port of Tajura, on the coast of Africa, were commencing their way towards the interior of the country; there I found them crossing ranges of basaltic cliffs. The heat was almost insupportable; weary, exhausted, and thirsty, they longed for water; but water is scarce in that land; it could be supplied to the party, only, in very small quantities, and impure in quality. Among the passes and hollows of those hills, the Arabs say that evil spirits live, who carry off benighted travellers, to devour them.

"Presently the travellers came to the lake of Assad, around which, in the rays of the sun, the mirage dances. Major Harris turned to his companions, and said,

"'This place looks, my friends, like the last stage of the habitable world. But courage; we know that there is much to repay our efforts beyond it.'

"A close and stifling smell arose from the stagnant lake; the hillocks of salt and lime, which bounded it on the further side, glared so strongly, as even, under my softened light, to try the human vision. There was a sickening heaviness in the air, which seemed fiery, though the day had sunk into the reign of night. The animals were teased and stung by the fly of the desert; and, panting with thirst and toil, appeared to suffer scarcely less than their masters.

"I feared for the enterprising party, lest human life should not survive so much. But those gallant men have lived to tell their tale, perhaps to explore yet other regions of the globe I shine upon. I heard the constant cry for 'water,' as they styled it, though I could not see myself reflected in the liquid they drank. I had observed them at Aden swallowing water so impure, that it was little better than that of the sea; but what they now drank, and cried

for so earnestly, from the distributor of the provisions, was still worse! You may suppose what it was, when I tell you, that it was contained in skins newly stripped from the goat, which, having been steeped in tan, were besmeared, both inside and outside, with gross tallow. It had been obtained from an impure well at Sagallo, and then churned in those skins on the backs of mules or camels for two days.

"After a brief rest, they recommenced their march. It was midnight; they were anxious to push on their way, whilst the night-air in some measure tempered the heat; the prospect around was wild and savage; basaltic cones and pillars, and shattered pieces of lava, strewed the way, as they ascended the south-eastern boundary of the lake. Sometimes, as they wound along over the broken lava, the path was so narrow, that they found themselves compelled to follow one another in single file. Water was to be found sixteen miles further on; and such was their intense longing for water, and such the torment of their thirst, that it appeared at that time to

them as the one good of life; and as they pressed forward, they forgot all but their present sufferings, and the water which lay before them. Soon I saw with increased concern, that, weakened by toil and privation, some of them could no longer keep pace with the rest; they dropped into the rear; the night-sirocco blew its fiery blast.

"'Water, water! I crave the veriest drop of water,' was the cry of one and another. A gallon and a half of the dirty putrifying fluid which I have described, was all that was now left for the whole party, and they were yet thirteen miles off the next supply.

"Dogs, horses and mules, for which no water could be spared, lay down to die upon the road; and those which once lay down, were abandoned to their fate. Men also cast themselves on the earth, supposing that they should rise no more; and those who still continued on their feet, scarce less exhausted than they who fell, could but minister to them a few drops of diluted vinegar, and, gasping, express the sympathy which they themselves almost equally needed.

Brave soldiers, who had confronted death on the battle field, lay panting on the desert track, whilst their parched tongues refused to utter the words which they desired to speak, supposing that they would be their last.

"Ah," said the Moon, "it was a fearful night; had you witnessed its horrors, you would have learned the value of that common commodity, water. A new day just struggled with the night, it was the early breaking dawn; the smoky red sun, as he rose, spoke to them—not hope, but terror and despair; the heat of day would but increase the thirst, of which they thought they were dying. Major Harris, in writing of it afterwards, said 'a dimness came over the drowsy eyes, giddiness seized the brain, and the hope held out by the guides, of water in advance, seemed like the delusion of a dream.'

"Had no help arrived, I must have witnessed soon the death of these unfortunates; but Providence had not forgotten them. In the very acme of their distress, a wild Arab was seen hurrying forward—messenger of help and mercy! he was bear-

ing a large skin; doubtless it was filled with water, thought the gasping travellers, and so it proved; muddy and impure indeed was the liquid; but it was a life giving draught; it was handed round, there was even enough to allow that some should be dashed in the faces of the fainting men; they drank with thankfulness, and revived and saved, continued their way. Ali Abi, a Bedouin Arab, knowing of their march, and from his knowledge of the way, foreseeing their need, had sent this precious supply; strengthened by it, they reached the place appointed for their encampment; I had the satisfaction to remark that every man of the party entered the camp, haggard and ghastly indeed, but living, and inspired with renewed hope.

"For fifty miles, the travellers had pursued their way along a waste and savage desert; now I saw them enter a peopled country; it was, however, peopled only by scattered Arabs, and by robber hordes; whilst the authorities governing these hordes, were still worse than those whom they governed. The remains of volcanoes, which I had looked upon

when they were in play, and constantly sending up eruptions thousands of years ago, were presented also in this district.

"The men of your planet have but short life;" the Moon observed, for a moment leaving her subject; "they are used greatly to wonder at things which have not been done in their own memory, or in that of their historians; and the travellers marvelled as they passed this wide volcanic region, and marked the wreck of nature in former ages.

"After some days more weary marching, I observed that they gained new spirit as the Arab guides told them that they would soon be in sight of the Hawash. That, if you will look at your map," said the Moon, in another little digression, "is the boundary river of the kingdom of Shoa."

By this time I had found many friends in Hamburgh; I lived an easy life, and not only were my babes well clothed and fed, but I had books and maps, and other comforts about me, so I drew out my atlas, and opening upon Eastern Africa, I traced the progress of the party.

"It was Captain Douglas Graham," the Moon continued, "who first gained the summit of the ascent, from which the river Hawash was seen stretching away through the valley. I heard his cry of delight, and he beckoned his companions to hasten to him. There was the river indeed—a river in the desert, girded on either side by a belt of trees, grass, and verdure. Who but he that has traversed the desert, can know how cheering to the eye, and refreshing to the soul, is such a sight in such a land! Who but he, can comprehend what it is to the African to behold a river! The sight puts marrow into his bones, and joy into his spirit.

"The Hawash rises in the heart of Ethiopia; it receives some petty streamlets, crosses the dry plains of the Adaid, showing a line of luxuriance and verdure throughout its course, and is at length absorbed in the Lagoons of Aussa. I look upon it through its entire path; I now saw the gladdened travellers descend to its brink, hang over its stream, and luxuriate in the shade of its trees, and the coolness of its tall rank grass, as if they had never before

seen a watered valley. The exchange to this fertile land, from plains of salt and lava, varied only by balsatic cones or rude wild caverns, was most delightful to them. Soon they came amid trees of the gum-acacia, and fruit trees of various kinds; a naturalist of the party versed in botany, begged them to wait for the gratification of tasting fruit, until the light of a new day should dawn, for by this time the stars and I held rule in the sky, and under our faint beams, he declared he could not tell what might be safe, and what poisonous. The botanist's admonition might have been insufficient, so much did the traversers of the desert desire to refresh their palates with the ripe cool fruit, but the chief of the expedition issued his command, that none should be eaten till the man of science should have pronounced it safe, and by that well-timed order, he probably saved some lives.

"Guinea-fowl startled from their roosts, rose into the air, uttering their peculiar cry; I saw the men load; as they fired, many victims fell, and the travellers made an excellent supper à la belle étoile

on the birds themselves, which they roasted, and on their eggs, which they found in abundance. For the first time for very many days, they had an unlimited supply of fresh water; they bathed in it, as well as drank it, and handed it about from one to another, wishing to each other as they swallowed it, health, and toasting also the prosperity of the mission. Then they spoke of their distant homes in Britain or in India, and sang 'God save the Queen,' with truly enthusiastic loyalty.

"At length the tents were arranged for the night, and they sank to rest, if not to sleep; but as I peered in I saw that many men were not sleeping. The howling, and roaring, and snorting of wild beasts kept them awake; they had, as a necessary precaution, fires burning near. The prowling animals, just kept at bay by the fires, were searching all around for prey; a donkey which had died in the evening, tempted them, and in the morning the entire carcase had disappeared; I had seen many wild beasts share the booty together. It was an unquiet night on the banks of the Hawash;

not very often were the Guinea-fowl roused from their roosts, or the wild beasts regaled upon a donkey's carcase.

"The morning dawned upon the party; they were early stirring, for numbers of native women, who had seen or heard of their arrival on the preceding evening, presented themselves betimes with donkeys laden with produce of the country, which they offered for sale. I was still out, and I witnessed a curious sight. A large hippopotamus had been shot over night; the monster had dived into the water, and it was not known whether the shot had been fatal; now it was no longer doubtful, for the huge sides and back of the creature, pink and freckled, were seen floating upon the surface; the tidings of the British fire-arms had already been spread among the natives, and many of them remained all night near the tents, partly perhaps, in hope of some opportunity for theft, (for the Bedouins are terrible thieves,) and partly for a bit of the prey if the hippopotamus should prove a capture. The creature was towed ashore amid cries of joy,

both from the caravan and the natives. It was given to the expectant people; they immediately fell upon it, quickly stripped from it the thick hide, and cut away huge lumps or flaps of flesh; the night had been the time of feasting for beasts of prey; the morning provided its feast for the native human population; women, children, and donkeys left the camp, bearing with them the raw flesh of the hippopotamus of the Hawash, which the British mission had shot.

CHAPTER XII.

CONTINUATION OF THE MOON'S REPORTS OF MAJOR HARRIS AND HIS PARTY, WITH SOME INFORMATION CONCERNING ETHIOPIA.

"I WAS compelled to leave you last night," said the Moon, "before I had told you half what I have to tell concerning Major Harris and his party; but I must move along in my path, and your globe must make its daily revolution; thus we often separate before I have said all that I have to say. You will, however, like to know more of the enterprizing travellers whom you have seen in places so strange, and in distress so terrible.

"It was when they had loaded their beasts of burden for the thirty-fifth time, that they at length arrived on the 16th of July, at the frontier town of the Abyssinian kingdom of Efat. That city is named Furri; the caravan entered Furri, escorted by their strong body of armed men; whose heads

were dressed in white plumes, whilst they played upon the flute and fired their matchlocks.

"The only habitations which for many days the travellers had seen, had been the dens or holes of beasts of the desert; now again rose before them the dwellings of men, rude and barbarous indeed, but still belonging to man; they unloaded and encamped; it was the blazing day; I, though unseen, was there looking on. I perceived that the baggage of the mission was eyed with great curiosity and desire, not only by the rabble of men, women, and children who followed it, but also by the king's courtiers. I saw a messenger arrive, sent by the Negoos, or King of Efat; he bore his majesty's compliments and good wishes to the British, and brought with him a horse and mule, decked out gaily in royal decorations; the women and girls who eagerly gazed upon the foreigners, and dressed in loose red cotton wrap, followed all their movements, screamed with delight.

"The mission, I perceived, did not stay long in this frontier town of the kingdom of Efat; it was not

to the king of Efat, but to the king of Shoa, that their embassy was directed. Early on the morning of the 17th, I perceived that Major Harris's men were loading six hundred Moslem porters with their baggage; the way that they were to follow, was so steep, that camels were useless. At length the porters had received their burdens, the wild warriors were decked out in gay plumes and colours; playing the flute and chanting songs, they commenced the ascent of the Abyssinian mountains; they were, (if you will look at your map said the Moon,) within ten degrees of the equator; but even in this sultry latitude, a fresh breeze blew upon the mountain sides, and they were rejoiced to find themselves travelling in a region of luxuriance and beauty, with valleys as rich, green, and fertile, as those of their own island country, Britain—a country remarkable even more than your Denmark"—this the Moon said pointedly—"for its quiet, soft, home beauties. This is little like the *general* extent of Africa; the desert which they had already crossed between the shore and these Abyssinian mountains, is a more just

specimen of the larger part of that vast continent; there are, however, portions of it which the eye of civilized men has never yet seen; I have looked upon those parts from century to century, for many thousand years; but I do not intend to be the first revealer of the secrets which they may have to declare, or of the treasures which they may contain; it is not for me to interfere with human industry, and make known to the indolent, that, which their own exertions should discover.

"I saw the British naturalists, and especially the botanist of the party, in high delight; they recognized there, within ten degrees of the equator, upon the Abyssinian mountains, many English shrubs and plants. The wild rose, the fern, and the honeysuckle, mingled with the coffee-tree, the tea-plant, and the lantana; a beautiful union of the vegetation of temperate and tropical regions smiled in every valley, and on the eminences rose numberless small villages, with their cone-shaped habitations. To the common men it appeared like fairy-land; the scientific gentlemen, and especially

the botanist of the expedition, exulted in all around them. Major Harris and his diplomatic associates, imagined with delightful anticipations, the result of their mission, opening new commerce and new wealth, to be drawn from the products of those fertile regions. Captain Douglas Graham, had already in fancy, formed an African tea company, and established an English colony on the slopes of the mountains, and in the metropolis of Abyssinia. The difficulty was to make progress, for all the members of the embassy were so charmed with what they saw, and the botanist pleaded so earnestly that this was the very time and spot where his services could be most effectively rendered, that they got over no distance. For some time the chief of this expedition consented to as much delay as his associates desired; but perceiving at last, that the ardour of his botanical friend increased with each new discovery, and that if he would gratify him to the extent which he desired, he might make a permanent halt there, he urged that they should proceed in their march, and that

from the city of Ankobar, scientific excursions should be made; then I saw that they proceeded at a tolerable pace.

"Everywhere the peasants left their work to gaze upon the cortege, such an one as they had never seen before, and never expected to see again, though men do travel in caravans through their country. The women were dressed in scarlet or crimson loose wrapping robes of cotton, the people had understood that the foreigners were the king's guests, and they greeted them with shrill cries of welcome, whilst the singing birds of the woods gave them more melodious *bien-venu*. Often at a turn of the road, they caught a view equalling in wild beauty, and surpassing in rich luxuriance, those constantly presented in the highlands of Scotland, or in the lake district of England. Presently, a Christian village appeared before them; it was the first village of a Christian district. They looked at it with interest, mingled with pity, for that which in Abyssinia bears the name of Christianity, is a strange mixture of superstition, fable,

and crime, with the holy truths and upright precepts of that life-giving religion.

"I saw them then cross three other chains of mountains, and on the last, they came into sight of the city to which their mission was directed; the capital of the kingdom of Shoa, Ankobor. Great was the joy of the whole party; it was expressed in the escort by songs and shouts; and amongst all, by mutual congratulations; they had survived the horrors of the desert, and the place of their destination lay before them, in a beautiful situation, embedded in wood, and surrounded on three sides by an amphitheatre or horse-shoe range of mountains. They now came to a halt, and took up their quarters in Alio Amba, a town on the mountain-side, whilst they waited the permission which they sent to demand of the king to enter his capital. As they marched into this town, they fired a salute, and their escort performed the war-dance of the country, to martial music and song. The old man who led this dance, moved on in front, in fantastic figures, having a naked sword between his teeth.

The town in which the mission encamped, was situated on the side, or rather towards the foot of the Mamrat mountain, (which being interpreted, is 'the Mother of Grace,') the high land all around is richly cultivated wherever the plough can go, so are the vales; and where the plough cannot work, dark forests rise, or smaller wood, graces the craggy slopes. On the Mamrat mountain, are preserved the treasures of King Sahela Selasse, under the special care of 'the Mother of Grace.'

"For some time I saw Major Harris and his associates, and numerous escort, waiting in the market place of Alio Amba; at length the governor of the town appeared, he did not, however, treat the strangers with any great courtesy; he led them to the house of a Moslem woman, where they were to be lodged for the night; the house was dirty, small, and unfurnished, and of course would not accommodate the escort or the porters. I cannot tell you where *they* slept, for I was not permitted to witness the proceedings; I did, however, see the three good-natured daughters of the Moslem woman,

Eve, Sweet-Limes, and Sunbeam, with very amiable and pretty grace quit the house, that the strangers might be accommodated within it. Sunbeam gave back as she went, a look of brightness and good humour, which quite accorded with her name.

"I have not interrupted my history to tell you each time I retired or came out, but you must not fall into the error of supposing that all which I have related to you of the mission, since they had left the barren desert, and made their first encampment on the banks of the Hawash, was seen by me on one night or one day; by no means; I have not told you of the regular daily proceedings of the travellers, but have rather given you a peep at them now and then, when I thought it would the most interest you.

"The first time that I was out after the night spent in that wretched Abyssinian house, Major Harris and his friends were speaking about it. They had suffered from several causes. Though they were mid-way between the Tropic of Cancer and the Equator, yet the night had on that moun-

tain side, been dismally cold and squally; the rain had descended through the roof, and wetted every thing which they had about them; and, worst of all, the insects of different kinds, quite unaccustomed to any interference or interruption, had annoyed them so much as to excite fever, and cause them to long earnestly for the day. With the day there came a messenger from the king, to say that it did not please his majesty at present to visit his capital, that they might either follow him to the mountains, or wait for him where they were.

"I can tell you the secret of that message," said the Moon. "Major Harris guessed it, and he did not guess wrong. When the mission first arrived within his dominions, King Sahela Selasse had heard much of the numerous chests containing presents for himself and his courtiers: he was eager to see and receive these presents, and in the anticipation of them, he was disposed to be very gracious to the British and their ambassadors; but while the party encamped in the mountain town were waiting for permission to enter the capital, a

case had been accidentally opened by them, which contained only three leathern buckets belonging to the 'Galloper guns.' The natives had heard a British engineer say,

"'Oh! that is wrong; that belongs to the presents;' and they imagining that they, had seen the style of the gifts, went to the king in disappointment, to deride the newly-arrived guests.

"'They are but a poor people,' they reported to him, 'they are nothing compared with the Amhara (which is a name for the Abyssinians); they boast of their land, but they have brought from it only trash, to present at the footstool of the mightiest of monarchs.'

"When the king heard this report, he, according to the barbarian notion of dignity and etiquette, determined to show, equally to his own subjects and to the strangers, the scorn with which he was entitled to treat all the nations of the world. So, though they sent message after message to his majesty, to request that he would receive them, he kept them waiting a fortnight in his good

town of Alio Amba, before he would grant their request.

"I saw much of them during their comfortless residence there; the Major and his more prominent associates, spent a good deal of time in informing themselves respecting the habits, manners, and character of the people, and the produce and commerce of the country. Major Harris also wrote much; the botanist, when the weather permitted it, made expeditions into the woods, scoured the mountain's sides, and examined the productions of the valleys; he had always companions in his excursions.

"When the monarch had kept his guests waiting for an audience just a fortnight, he sent to them the following message of invitation; 'Tarry not by day, neither stay ye by night; for the heart of the father longeth to see his children; let him not be disappointed.'

"After a message of such urgency, they did not you will suppose, lose much time. I could not follow them on their march to see the king; but I

understood from what I afterwards heard, that when on their approach towards him, they sent forward a messenger to request permission to fire a salute. His majesty was seized with great alarm, and would by no means grant it; for most terrific reports had preceded them about the ordnance; the courtiers believed, and had assured him, that the discharge of of those guns might set fire to the ground, stave rocks, and uproot fortresses. The king feared for his palace and his treasures; so no salute was fired at the time proposed, beyond the matchlocks of the escort. I heard, moreover, that a tent had been pitched near the palace, for the reception of the guests, and that the floor of it had been strewn with heath, myrtle, and fragrant plants.

"The embassy at length obtained the king's leave to fire their artillery, some of his own people having looked at the pieces and pronounced that it might be done with safety; the guns were fired, and the mob in high delight, cried, 'Wonderful English! wonderful English!' By this time, after various delays of etiquette, the gentlemen entered the re-

ception-hall in the palace, whither finally they were conducted. I was in the sky, and I must describe to you the scene.

"The palace itself was stockaded. As the mission moved towards it, the eager crowd desired so much to gratify their curiosity, that only strokes from bamboo rods, carried by officers of the kingdom, could keep them at respectful distance.

"The reception-hall was circular and lofty; its walls were adorned with ornaments of gold and silver, and with weapons, or trophies of war. Carpets and rugs brought from Persia, some of them of very handsome quality, were laid down in different parts of the floor. Many native chiefs, and a crowd of courtiers, were present; they were richly attired, and they stood around in attitude of respect. In a recess in one part of the hall, on a gaily adorned and embroidered ottoman, supported by velvet cushions, surrounded by pages and slaves, reclined his most Christian Majesty, Sahela Selasse. The Dech Agulari, that is the master of the ceremonies, held a green rush rod in his hand, with which I

perceived that he motioned each individual to his proper place; then the invitation was issued, that all should be covered, and the embassy wore their hats.

"The monarch's hair was carefully curled; and as I looked upon his fine features on that evening, I thought they expressed the honest justice of his character. I must tell you that Sahela Selasse is so just a king, that the robber-tribes in the flat countries, call him 'a fine balance of gold.'

"I saw the letters of embassy delivered and read, after which I witnessed a sight that will not be forgotten in the kingdom of Shoa, within the memory of any who assisted at it. The hour of supreme felicity to the king and his courtiers had arrived. The presents was displayed! Ah, that was a memorable hour. First was exhibited a Brussels carpet, which entirely covered the hall; Cashmere shawls and Delhi scarfs, were received with great admiration; some Chinese dancing figures called forth peals of laughter; chimney clocks and musical boxes, raised very highly the

barbarians' notions of English skill. The European escort, dressed in full uniform, with their sergeant at their head, were marched into the hall; they performed some exercises in presence of the king; but it was when three hundred muskets, with bayonets fixed, were piled before him, that the wonder and applause reached the highest pitch. The courtiers looked unspeakable things; and the sovereign cried out in rapture, 'God will reward you, for I cannot.'

"Next followed a display of the artillery. Crowds were scattered over the hill to see the firing, which was directed against the face of the opposite ravine. The valley rang with acclamations from the people, and the rocks around echoed back the thunder of the guns. By this time, the inhabitants of Shoa had come to the opinion, that no nation on the face of the earth equalled the British, not even excepting their own.

"I saw a part of the crowd disperse to their mountain or city homes, and a more favoured portion return to the royal palace to sup. The British mingled with Abyssinian courtiers at the repast. I

will repeat to you the speech of a favourite dwarf of the king's, during its continuance. The dwarf was often employed to express his majesty's mind. He was adorned with several insignia of dignity and honour, and he spoke none the less pompously because of his diminutive statue, as he said,

"'Forty years have rolled away since Asfawoosen, on whose memory be peace! grandsire to our beloved monarch, saw in a dream, that the red men were bringing into his kingdom, curious and beautiful commodities from countries beyond the great sea.

"'The astrologers, on being commanded to give an interpretation thereof, predicted with one accord, that foreigners from the land of Egypt, would come into Abyssinia during his majesty's most illustrious reign, and that yet more and wealthier would follow in that of his son and his son's son, who should sit next upon the throne. Praise be unto God that the dream and its interpretation have now been fulfilled! Our eyes, though they be old, have never beheld wonders until this day; and during the reign

of seven successive kings of Shoa, no such miracles as these have been wrought in Ethiopia.'

"The British received this speech, which the gifts had elicited, with becoming courtesy, and some time later all the party retired for the repose of the night. Major Harris and his associates looked particularly pleased, and I conceived that they were rejoicing that the good effect which the presents had produced upon Sahela Selasse and his court, and the idea which they had formed of British wealth, and power, and skill, might lead to the favourable issue of their embassy, and that a commerce advantageous to both nations would be the result. To a man of right mind, it is very gratifying to be the instrument of a good work. As I looked upon Major Harris, I thought he felt that he should be such instrument; once I caught the words falling from his lips, 'we shall civilize and Christianize this fine nation!'

"I now saw the embassy established in the capital of the king of Shoa; it appeared to me that

they intended to make some stay there, since their arrangements were more than would have been necessary for a very brief sojourn, and so it proved. All was most promising to the success of their views. Sahela Selasse regarded them with respect and favour, and his people with veneration and wonder.

"The Abyssinians commence their new year on the 10th of September. I was present on that day; and though as is usual in the day-time, the sun's more glorious rays eclipsed me, and nearly hid me from human view, yet I saw all that was done.

"The king had invited the British to witness a review. It was an inspiriting spectacle; there was the leader of the cavalry, Ayto Melkoo, arrayed in a party-coloured vest, set off by a crimson Arab fleece, in which silver spangles were thickly studded. He wore on the right arm a gauntlet embossed and gilded; his horse trappings were much ornamented with devices of silver; he was of majestic form and mien, and as he careered at the head of his fine cavalry, he looked an imposing figure. He galloped

forward, and by way of opening the ceremonies, made a speech of very boasting character, in which he reminded his majesty of all his past deeds and prowess, and declared his loyalty and bravery; now and then he struck his targe with his falchion to give greater effect to his words, and when he did so, his soldiers imitated the act. When he had concluded his address to the king and to his troops, he brandished his falchion in the air, and gave a tremendous howl; it was a howl worthy of any wild beast that stalks upon your earth; his horsemen answered it by discharging their fire arms, and the manœuvring began.

"Thirteen tributary governors, robed in skins of lions and leopards, passed before the king, at the head of their respective troops; amid the fur, hung chains and ornaments of silver, which had been at various times presented to them by his majesty, in testimony of their gallantry in the field; they each stopped before their sovereign, and delivered an oration. On great occasions, I must tell you, that it is a custom in that country, for the most impor-

tant personages to make harangues. After they had finished their speeches and their evolutions, the horsemen of the tributary nation of Galla, appeared before the king; they were clad in white, and their sable hair streamed in the wind, when, at the war whoop of their leader they wheeled over the plain. There were not less than eight or ten thousand cavalry engaged in this review.

"Night drew on, and the monarch requested the British to fire a rocket into the air; this was both amazing and alarming to the barbarians, especially to the Galla tribes. The rocket started roaring from its bed, the people fell on their faces upon the ground, horses took fright; and to the uninitiated, the idea occurred, that the British were magicians.

"The chiefs of the Galla nation, however, ascribed the result to 'potent medicines.' One thing they saw, and saw with dismay, that since the king of Shoa had obtained allies and friends who possessed such marvellous knowledge and skill, it was quite vain for them to hope to free themselves

from his yoke; they must, they feared, remain his tributaries for ever."

Having said this, the Moon slipped away.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONTINUATION OF THE MOON'S REPORTS OF MAJOR HARRIS AND HIS PARTY, WITH SOME INFORMATION CONCERNING ETHIOPIA.

WHEN next the Moon appeared, she said, "I have not even yet told you all that I have to relate concerning Major Harris and his associates; or, concerning the kingdom of Shoa, or 'His Most Christian Majesty, Sahela Selasse.' Listen well and I will give you further information. But, I repeat, listen well, for not much is revealed to the dwellers in Europe, concerning the vast regions of Ethiopia, or central Africa. Major Harris has indeed written a clever and interesting book, giving an account of his travels. Perhaps it would please you to compare what I relate to you, with the Major's account of things; if so, you will learn more than I can

afford time to inform you about; besides which, I did not see all that passed, I was not always present. The book is called 'The Highlands of Ethiopia,' by Major W. Cornwallis Harris, H.E.I.C. Engineers, 3 vols."

Having said this, the Moon went on. "It is only a high state of civilization which leads to the *habit* of peace among nations, and which causes men to regard it as the natural and proper state of society. Barbarians are always warlike, their delight is in war; martial and marauding exploits are their great boast and glory. The Amhara nation forms no exception to this observation; their king, Sahela Selasse, had reigned for thirty years, and during that time had made no fewer than eighty-four forays into the territories surrounding or depending upon his own. He had now, for reasons which I cannot justify, resolved upon a hostile expedition into the Galla territory. He invited his British guests to accompany him. They determined to go, not as abettors of his warfare, but as spectators; they hoped to see much of the country,

and to learn a good deal concerning the habits of the people during the march. Perhaps it may be matter of doubt whether they did right in accepting the invitation.

"I must tell you the manner of the march, from which you will perceive that ideas of royal majesty, dignity, and etiquette, are not confined to great and civilized nations, but are entertained even in a small kingdom of barbarians in the interior of Africa. First a copy of the Holy Scriptures, under a canopy of scarlet cloth, was borne along by a mule; together with it was the ark of the cathedral of St. Michael, which the people of Shoa consider as sure to bring victory wherever it goes, and as possessing the power to work miracles. Next rode Sahela Selasse, on a mule, richly adorned; around the king were his shield-bearers, and around them were matchlock men.

"Now," said the Moon (and I thought as she spoke that her light flickered in a tremulous way, as though she were slightly shaken by laughter), "I feel sure you will not guess who came next.

It was neither the courtiers, nor the generals of the army, nor counsellors of war, no nor the priests of religion,—but next came the royal cooks: they were forty in number—damsels, robed in crimson, and painted with ochre. A most important part of the procession too were they, and around them were a numerous body of attendants and protectors, armed with white wands. Then a vast crowd followed, in which chiefs and governors,—warriors on chargers richly caparisoned, were mingled with porters, arm-bearers, men leading gay and beautiful horses, and camp followers of every rank and profession. After a march of fifteen miles, I saw the entire party come to a halt.

"The camp covered a reach of five miles. In a chosen spot in the centre of the group, the royal tents were piched. There was a marquee of many colours; around it were awnings of black serge, over these were displayed five crimson pennons, above each of which was a silver globe. Whilst the attendants were employed in pitching the royal tent, the king ascended an eminence with his chiefs

and most distinguished warriors and servants. There they placed him on a cushioned *alga*, and held over his head the stately crimson umbrella, a symbol of royalty.

"I saw him go down to his tent when it was prepared, and then, the twilight having merged into the darkness of night, he requested that the British would shoot rockets into the air. I was a small crescent, and my few rays had little power to decrease the effect of the artificial light. I perceived that many hearts among the Galla tribes sank in terror, as they witnessed 'the magic fire,' or 'the fiery magicians,'—for such some of them thought those rockets to be. I pitied the Galla people, for I know that they had given to his Abyssinian majesty small cause of offence, and that he attacked them rather because he was stronger than they, than because he had just ground of complaint against them.

"I saw the chiefs and nobles, at length, sit down with their sovereign and the English guests, to their evening meal. The forty cooks had done wonders;

but, beyond and besides all that they had prepared, raw meat was handed about, and seemed to accord well with the Ethiopian palate. So much for that day.

"Alas! alas! in some following ones, I mourned over desolation and bloodshed; a fine country was laid waste, much life was taken, and much misery was caused. I hope, from what you have already heard of Major Harris, that you have gained a sufficiently good opinion of him, to be convinced that he declined to help in the ravages committed. The king at first looked a little coolly upon the British on this account, but, I believe, that he soon learned to respect the principles of justice which governed them. Though they would not shoot the Gallas, yet they told his majesty that they would shoot elephants and buffaloes for him. Now, King Sahela Selasse considered one elephant equal in value to forty Gallas, and a buffalo to five Gallas; this promise, therefore, pleased him much.

"It was a comfort to me to mark, that amidst the misery and desolation which that incursion wrought,

the British did not a little to alleviate suffering. They doctored the wounded, relieved various distresses, and wrought upon the king so far, that he released all his prisoners.

"I was present at the monarch's entrance in triumph into Ankobar, his capital, after his return from the foray. He wore a lion's skin—it hung majestically over his shoulders, and was richly ornamented with silver and jewels. Beneath it was a green robe of Indian work, much embroidered. From his neck depended three chains of gold; a sprig of asparagus, fastened into his silver crown, told that he was returned from victory. Beside him was led his magnificent war-horse, gaily caparisoned. His 'champion' rode before him in a panther's hide, and bore his shield; and on either side of him, and of the crimson state umbrella, were the two chief officers of his army. The priests met him at his palace gates, wearing white robes; they bestowed upon him their blessing. With the procession was carried the ark, of which I told you before, and an old warrior capered in a war-dance, in its rear

to do it honour. When the cortege came within the stockaded enclosure of the palace, each man cast upon the ground, from the point of his lance, some portion of human flesh or bone, which he had carried upon it, and then the war song of praise was struck up in full chorus.

"Now, peace was again established; the embassy proceeded with the object of its mission, which was, you will remember, to form a treaty of commerce with the king, as well as to inquire into the products of the country. At first, neither the king nor his courtiers were very much disposed to form such treaty; the courtiers, especially, who seemed, for the most part, men of feebler mind than their prince, had imagined that a visit of courtesy and curiosity was all that was thought of by the British; they were charmed by the court amusements given to honour them, and, most of all were they delighted with the presents which they had received; they were quite troublesome in their greediness for ornaments. I could see them peeping about, (remember that they were barbarians,) when any

thing was to be got; beads and trinkets they much esteemed. 'Give me pleasing things;' 'show me delighting things;' 'adorn me with your trimmings;' they said, with reference to these; and to obtain them was their chief thought. However, when the Major proceeded to exhibit to the monarch some specimens of English machinery, and its powers, and when he explained that five thousand looms would bring him more wealth than ten thousand soldiers, he found he had adopted the right argument. His majesty was especially pleased with some hand corn mills, which they had taken to him from the British government. They were set up within the palace; I think they must have been kept always in play, for I never looked into the room where they were, but I saw slaves working them. The first time that the king saw them used, I was by; he turned to Major Harris and Captain Douglas Graham, and said,

"'Demetrius, the Armenian, made a machine to grind corn; well, though it cost the people a year of labour to construct, it was useless when finished,

for the priest declared that it was the devil's work, and cursed the bread. But may Sahela Selasse not err; these engines are the work of clever hands.'

"The flour streamed out upon the floor; the sovereign rubbed it in his hands, gave it to his courtiers to taste, and appeared exceedingly delighted.

"I was glad to see him conclude this treaty of commerce, for I hoped it would benefit the two nations. Sahela Selasse, though a barbarian, and ill instructed in right and wrong, is a fine and noble man,—a man capable of being highly civilized. I saw in vision, that when the British should hold commerce with Abyssinia, the slave trade would cease there; the people would be taught the pure doctrines of the Christian faith; intestine wars would become less frequent; and much knowledge, and many of the comforts of life would be introduced into the country: moreover, as I am accustomed to cast my observant eye continually upon the caravans which travel between the capital and the coast, I know that they carry certain things

produced in this tropical country which would be very acceptable in Britain. Of these are the beautiful feathers of the ostrich, the gum of the acacia tree, and other gums; as well as ivory, gold, spices, wax, and coffee; also a kind of cotton, superior to that of America; indeed, the naturalists of the expedition said, in my hearing, that it was the best cotton grown upon the globe.

"Besides these, the tea shrub is wild in Shoa, and though it is of a coarse and inferior kind, yet you may perhaps imagine, as I do, and as the embassy did, that if the soil and climate suit the spontaneous production of an inferior shrub, the culture of man might succeed in obtaining a better kind. Previously to the visit of this embassy, that fine race of people manufactured nothing beyond the weaving of a little cotton, but they are capable of great improvement; and I can assure you that there is a region of central Africa, lying near to the equator, the mineral and vegetable productions of which would be well worth the commerce of any wealthy and intelligent nation; and it is the only

extensive tropical region of the globe left unappropriated to their own uses by any civilized people.

"At length I perceived that the rainy season was setting in; it was a dreary time; bog and water, water and bog, seemed just then to be the only features of the land. Pelt, pelt, pelt, the rain descended; the flat lands were converted first into swamps and then into lakes; the inhabitants were confined within doors, and the face of all things was changed for the time. I often looked upon the British, fearing that they would feel the season dreary and tedious; but they were intelligent and active-minded men, and never at loss for employ. The Major wrote his volumes. I heard the king say to him one day, 'I know that you are writing a book, for I never inquire what you are doing but they tell me, either, that you are using a pen, or gazing up at the heavens. I am glad you are making a book, it is a good thing and pleases me; you will speak in it favourably of myself.'

"It was not long before the embassy left Shoa,

that a terrible disaster befel the king and his people. The rainy season had continued longer than usual; it was on the 6th of December that the violence of the descending rain was equal almost in force to a waterspout. In the night of that day I witnessed a fearful scene. Thunder rolled amid the hills, and echoed in prolonged peals from rock to rock upon the Mamrat mountain. From time to time black dense clouds obscured my view, but I caught snatches of vision at what was beneath me. Presently a heavy rumbling sound like the moving of artillery was to be distinguished from the clearer, more emphatic tones of the thunder; there then rose a wild cry of despair from many human voices; the earth, penetrated with water to a great depth, had loosened and slipped away—it was a land avalanche, carrying with it houses and cottages, with their inhabitants, and many a pretty cultivated terrace. The earth slip had extended for several miles. The stockades of the royal palace were carried away, and the palace now stood naked

at the top of a cone on the mountain side ; the king and his people mourned together.

"But I must not linger too long on this disastrous earth slip, for I wish to tell you of another circumstance that happened whilst the British were in Shoa. The king became suddenly and dangerously ill. His physicians were around him, and so were his courtiers and the principal ecclesiastics of his kingdom. I saw the sad looks which they cast at one another ; they all believed that he must die ; and as he was beloved by his subjects, this was a cause of heavy grief. After some thought, his majesty turned to his friends and said, 'The British are a clever people ; we have seen much that they can do ; and they tell us (though I cannot understand it) that they can make roads under rivers, and carriages to gallop without horses ; send for them now.'

"'My children,' he said to them, when they arrived, 'behold I am sore stricken. Last night they believed me dead, and the voice of mourning had arisen within the palace walls ; but God hath

spared me until now.' Then he begged them to try to cure him. A draught was prepared for him. The English, according to the etiquette of the court, would have tasted it before he swallowed it, but the monarch touchingly showed his confidence in them.

"'My children,' he cried, 'forbear. Do I not know that you would administer to Sahela Selasse nothing that would do him harm?'

"He did recover. Then was the moment that Major Harris and his companions thought fit to propose to him a deed of justice and mercy. It is the cruel custom of this country that when a monarch ascends the throne, his brothers shall be immediately cast into prison, there to pine away the remainder of their days. Seven brothers and uncles of Sahela Selasse had languished in prison during the thirty years that he had reigned; the English explained to him the wickedness and cruelty of this custom, and called upon him to set them free. For a moment he paused; what might they

not do, he thought. Would they not overturn his throne and take a deep revenge?

"'It is your duty to release them,' the British urged, 'and nothing can better show your thankfulness to Heaven for your recovery than your abolishing this guilty custom.'

"'And I *will* release them,' he replied. 'By the Holy Eucharist I swear, and by the church of the Holy Trinity in Koora Gadel, that if Sahela Selasse rises from this bed of sickness, he will restore to liberty those for whom you plead.'

"He kept his promise. Soon after that, the British left Abyssinia."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MOON'S ACCOUNT OF A COMMUNITY OF ANTS ON THE BANKS OF THE TIBER.

"I AM come from the banks of the Tiber, not far from the 'eternal city,'" said the Moon, one evening, when she presented to us her clear disk; "there I have seen life in its utmost activity, a population of millions, dwelling within the compass of a square yard! I have made intimate acquaintance with that community of late, and so interesting are their proceedings, that I wish to give you some relations concerning them.

"It was on a fine day, in the month of April, that I first saw a movement in an ant hill of last year. During the winter, the snow had rested on that tiny hillock, or the frost had penetrated it, and not a sign of life had it presented; so that

although I had seen in the preceding summer, an important and industrious population employed, first in its erection, and then in carrying on many other labours, I had, from the long continued winter stillness, almost forgotten that many thousands of living creatures lay concealed within its sheltering tower. Now, however, my memory was refreshed.

" The sun was bright and warm, lambs gambolled in the fields around; in one field I saw five young foals, sporting and capering about in all the joy of new existence; flowers carpeted the earth, the wild hyacinth in the wood, and the gorse on the common, spread their almost sickly sweetness on the breeze, while the peach and almond, the primrose, and the early violet, sent their more delicate perfume from the gardens near.

" In a copse on the river's brink, some children gathered the flowers that gemmed the ground, chased the first butterfly that they had seen in the year, and were as full of glee as it was possible for the dear, gay, young creatures to be.

" The same sun which called forth the butterfly,

and gladdened the children, and led the lambs and foals to gambol in the fields, and opened the buds of the flowerets, and drew forth their scents, was busy in waking up inspiration in a painter's breast. A landscape painter was sauntering near the Tiber on that bright April day; he was drinking in the very soul of the landscape, and revelling in the beauties around him; he at once, sighed to think of the impotence of his brush, and learned to use it with greater power, as he looked, and gazed, and gazed again, on the everchanging light, and its ever varying effects on the objects of the scene. It was the habit of that painter to take his lessons direct from the original of things. Nature was his mistress in his noble art; to her he proposed his questions, and she gave him her replies.

"Many a truth she whispered, not into his ear, but into the very essence of his perception, which he would never have thought to ask her, and which a master, if he had known it himself, could have found no words to teach. "Yes," said the Moon; "if a man would truly paint, let him not despise

what masters in the art can teach him, but let him go elsewhere than to them for his highest lessons; let him hold communion with nature's own spirit and catch his inspiration from her fount; so shall he paint not for the eye, but for the soul.

"I will not excuse myself for leading you a little from the subject on which I was about to speak, for it is not every digression that is trifling and useless; it is worth while observing how the beautiful affects those who have the perception of beauty, a perception which all may have, if they will cultivate it. I will return now to the immediate matter.

"That bright warm sun caused a movement in the ant hillock. I perceived a rising and falling, or shaking and agitation, of certain small matters that lay on its surface; and looking what it should mean, I saw an ant or two emerge from winding passages within it, and run upon the outside; presently they were joined by other ants; more and more arrived, till I could no longer count their numbers; they went and came, and passed up and down, and round about upon the outside of their hillock, as if to

observe where it was situated, what was its present condition, and how much or how little of injury it had sustained during the rough weather of the winter; it might be that those ants wondered to find themselves there, alive and gay, and dwellers in a convenient and warm abode—that in their winter sleep they had forgotten all about their previous existence and labours, I cannot tell. I can only say that they seemed to me to be in a state of inquiry and observation, which looked like it. I do not think they did any work on that first day; the day following, however, I observed various little repairs effected; the ants also made excursions to short distances in the wood, and along the river's bank, and seemed still to be taking observations and surveys.

"A week later, I saw the whole population in active employment; by that time the winged ants had made their appearance. There are I must tell you, in every ant hill, some winged ants; they are the parents of the community; but it is the ants without wings, that are by far the more numerous

members of the society, and who perform the chief labours that are requisite for the common good.

"I presume that when the entire population of that hillock had awakened from their winter sleep, and were conscious of being in the maturity of their existence and vigour, they found the old habitation that had very well served for them last year, when they were in the infant state, now too small. For I perceived that it was determined to send out a colony.

"Numbers of ants in concert, began a new construction; they bored the earth, and lifted it; made some galleries and passages through it and under its surface, and brought tiny morsels of dry twigs and sticks that lay upon the ground, bits of leaves, or of the veins of leaves of last summer, grains of sand from the edge of the river, morsels of dried fibre or thicker bits of roots, and such other substances. These were not thrown down carelessly and indiscriminately in a heap, but builded together, so as to leave chambers, galleries, winding-ways and passages between them. With their mouths they did

a great portion of the work. In their mouths they carried all their materials, and with their smooth bright bodies, they polished and pressed together their walls, and roofs, and arches. It often happened that a twig, or bit of leaf, or other substance, which appeared to one ant suitable to his purpose, was too large for him to carry alone; in that case, he applied to some of his companions to help him, and several of them would get a good hold of the object in their mouths, and then, some pulling, and others pushing, they made their way along. In this work they were much impeded by the rough nature of the ground over which they had to travel; it was littered with the leaves which had fallen from the trees last autumn, and with small branches, fir cones, and other encumbrances. You may well imagine how great were the difficulties which this circumstance caused. For instance, I saw six brotherly ants one day, fully purposed to bring for the use of the new habitation, a bit of birch twig. They took it in their mouths, and where the ground was tolerably clear and smooth, they got along pretty

well; but presently they came to a place where fir cones and small branches of fir lay so thickly strewn, as to offer sad obstructions. Some they climbed with the load in their mouths; they passed under others; occasionally they stopped, laid down their load, and dragged something out of their way, then taking it up again, they proceeded; sometimes they made a long circuit to avoid an object that could not be passed over or removed; and by the time they arrived at the rising habitation, they were so tired, that consigning their twig to other ants, they went to their own particular dwellings within it, to rest.

"Day after day the little hillock rose, and as it had as yet no roof, I could the better see its beautiful construction, and the various chambers, galleries, and passages of its architecture.

"After some time the building was completed; there was evidently much rejoicing among the ants on this occasion, and I exceedingly wished that their language had been audible to me, for I am sure they had much to say to one other, they appeared so well to understand each other, and to make various

agreements together about arrangements connected with their future work; but I could hear nothing, I was compelled to content myself with what I could see, and for some time I was absent from that wood.

"When I returned again, I saw persons who dwell in Rome, or who were visiting her then, walking along the river's bank. There were Italians and Germans, English and Spaniards, Danes and Russians, and Americans; and these men were as various in character and calling as in nation; there were dreamy philosophers and rough utilitarians; poets and merchants, statesmen and sculptors; but strange to say, as they turned and looked on Rome, and spoke of her ancient glories,—of things that were, but are no longer,—of might that once ruled the world, and that is heard of now only in history's page,—of men whose deeds filled the earth, and whose dust lay crumbled under their feet,—each in turn, seemed filled with the same emotion, the same chord was touched in every heart. Then I perceived that how different soever man may be in detail, how great soever the variation which his education, habits, and

tone of associations may produce, there are yet some points of likeness which pervade the great human family, some chords which struck in every soul, give back the same tones. Few but the educated, visit Rome, and of those, scarce any contemplate the 'eternal city,' and think of all the vanished past, without emotion.

"Of these things the ants, of course, knew nothing. To them the Tiber was no more than the Delaware would have been, and Rome no more than Philadelphia; saving only, that Italy has a softer climate than the United States, and is therefore preferable to insect life. As to matters of civilization, taste, art, poetry, or feeling, ants are certainly like the Goths and Vandals, so insensible are they.

"Whilst on the banks of the Tiber men were musing deeply on the past, the ant colony, of which I have spoken to you, and a thousand other ant colonies there, were intent, and busily intent, only on the enjoyment or the labour of the hour; and they had much to do—for, since my last observation upon them, many thousands of eggs had

been laid. Each egg, when it was produced, was carried down by the working ants to the lower part of the hillock, and there deposited in a place of safety; then, as the eggs became small white worms, the ants brought them up in their mouths when the sun shone warmly, and laid them near or upon the top of the hillock, so that they might feel his rays. If a shower of rain came, if clouds hid the sun, if the air became chill, or, at all events, when evening drew on, these faithful nurses again took the young creatures in their mouths, and carried them down into the depths of their habitation; sometimes the little white worms were carried up and down several times in the course of one day.

"Besides this work of exposing them to the warm rays of the sun, when he was out, and carrying them for shelter to the deep parts of the dwelling, when rain, or cold, or night came on, there was the great business of feeding them; that also devolved upon the working or nursing ants. I observed that they always satisfied their own hunger before bearing home food for the young or the parent ants; but

they never failed in this duty. I have seen them seize and carry back many kinds of prey. There is an insect called the aphides, which is very injurious to plants and trees; they lived much on that insect. They took all sweet things that came in their way; fruits of many kinds they devoured greedily; they soon tore into small fragments a sweet apple or plum, eating a part of it themselves, and taking other parts with them for the provision of the inhabitants of the hillock, who where not in condition to catch for themselves. Caterpillars were a very common prey with them. I have seen four or five, or more, ants, attack a large plump green caterpillar, which, as an inactive and defenceless animal, has no hope of escape; he is a heavy load for creatures so small, but their united strength soon bears him off to their abode, where he is cut into pieces with their strong teeth, and divided amongst the young.

"When the ants capture an animal so much larger than themselves, the chief difficulty is to get him dragged over those parts of the road on their way to their habitations, which are much strewed

with litter: but they are amongst the most persevering and active of all insects; and, I assure you, that I have very seldom seen them allow such difficulties to prevent them carrying off a prize; if they can contrive it in no other way, they dissect their prey, when they come to a part of the road too much obstructed to admit of their getting over it with the creature entire, and then each ant carries with him a portion. They never lose their way, though they often go far from home, nor have I ever seen an ant look perplexed, and as if amongst several hillocks, he did not know which was his own.

"The colony appeared very fond of meat. Ants take the flesh from a bone more cleanly than any anatomist can do. There is a kind of ant which will attack birds, and even sheep, deprive them of life, and tear the flesh from the skeleton, till not a fragment that could be discovered with the microscope remains. These are formidable creatures; they go to the assault, in large armies, and a victim that is once attacked by them has no hope of escape. They are, however, a very different kind from the

harmless little insect of which I have been telling you. None of them are found in Europe; they dwell in that region of the globe where the inferior animals are on the largest scale, and where man is most degraded—Africa.

"The colony which I watched on the banks of the Tiber, became daily increased, as the white worms, which are, in fact, ants in their infancy, came to their perfect condition. I must tell you how it was with them.

"Each small white worm or maggot grew till it became quite as large as the ants themselves are, and a very heavy and troublesome load to the nurses who carried it up to the top of the hillock for the benefit of sun, and down again to its depths for protection from rain or cold. When it had grown to this size, I perceived that it cast its skin, and then for a time lost all power to move, and all appearance of life, taking no food; but it was not dead; soon I could perceive that it was growing into the shape of a perfect ant, but around it was again another skin, like the swaddling clothes of an infant;

nor had the creature any power to throw off these swaddling clothes without the help of its kind nurses, —they disengaged it from them with their teeth; if they did not so, it would perish within the bandage. If the old ones took off the skin too soon, the infant ant would die of cold; if they left it too long, it would die of suffocation; but their instinct teaches them the exact time to perform the duty, and they never neglect it. I saw them most busily at work, day after day, relieving the young from this skin of their aurelia state, and the little freed animals were no sooner released from it, than they ran about like the rest on the classic Roman ground.

"Some years ago, a naturalist, called De Geer, wished to inform himself respecting all points connected with the history of ants. He took some of the young when they were in the aurelia state, and kept them where the nurses could not get to them; they were unable to break the skin which covered their bodies, and they all perished. Those which I watched on the banks of the Tiber were more kindly treated; they were assisted in throwing off their

latest case, and they then immediately took their place with the other ants, and helped them in all the labours of life.

"About this time, I perceived that the mother ants lost their wings, and, being then very helpless insects—much more helpless than the working tribe —not a few of them were devoured by birds ; at the same period, the children of the colony being all grown up and able to work for themselves, the fathers of the population, who did not lose their wings, being no longer needed at home, took flight ; the weather was becoming chilly, and they were devoured in numbers by birds which caught them on the wing ; others of them were stupified by the cold, and unable to return to their place of abode.

" There are now very few of the parents of the colony left, and the working or nursing ants, who are more active, and better able to help and preserve themselves, are ceasing to go abroad, and becoming torpid ; they will want no food during the winter, but will lie heaped together at the lower part of the hillock, which a few months ago they so busily built.

Then, with the warm suns of April they will be again revived, and will lead the same life, and perform the same operations, that they have done this summer.

"*Man* changes with rolling ages, and as he lives in civilized or barbarous society. The insect world, taught by the instinct which heaven has given it, knows no change. The ants which lived first when the waters of the deluge had subsided from the earth, were guided by the same habits, and practised the same economy, as those which live in your days, and are watched by the naturalists of you times."

CHAPTER XV.

THE MOON'S ACCOUNT OF WHAT BEFEL THE MANUSCRIPTS OF ARCHBISHOP USSHER.

"'——— A fairer isle than Britain,
Never sun viewed in his wide career.'

"I, too, rejoice to shine upon her," said the Moon, on one of her visits to me; "she engages much of my attention. I aid the sun to ripen British corn, and light the reapers to gather it in. The face of nature smiles in that island kingdom, and her people are placid and happy—at least usually they are so; but I have occasionally seen their habitual contentment exchanged for violence and discord.

"A sad and gloomy period in the British isles was the reign of their sovereign Charles, the first of that name. The king encroached upon the liberties of the Parliament, and the Parliament fought against

the king; and as the estates of the realm were divided, so were the families of the land. Ah! how many melancholy tales I could relate of the contention. Friendships which had endured from generation to generation, were suddenly and violently broken off; nay more, the nearest relations, in some cases that I could speak of, took different sides in the struggle; the hearts of kinsmen were estranged and embittered; women lost their gentleness, and involved themselves in the strife; the odious vice of treachery became common, and men knew not whom they might trust.

"In time past, as I pursued my journey through the firmament, I had been used to mark symptoms of harmony and love, and to hear kind words or friendly greetings; now it was no longer so; between neighbour and neighbour—the brothers of one nature, the children of one God, these were exchanged for speeches of insult, or the expression of hate; the young forgot to honour age; the receivers of benefits forgot their obligations; the strong oppressed the weak, or strove together, and almost

all men forgot to love each other ; there were indeed lovely and touching instances of affection, and faith, and truth, and virtue, that deserves to be called sublime ; but for the most part, the good and gentle mourned the state of the nation, without being able to allay the cause of wrath, or to hush the storm of passion,

" Strife is always evil, but civil and domestic strife is more fearful than any other. Almost all persons were compelled to take one side or the other, though perhaps they might not think either free from blame. Men in important stations, would not in general have deemed it right to remain passive or neutral, had that been possible ; but even very humble persons, who understood nothing of the quarrel, who had no voice in the nation's affairs, and would have been thankful to be allowed to remain quiet and obey the laws, were forced along with one or other of the fighting parties.

" I could scarcely look into a house or cottage, but I perceived that *there* existed some cause of sorrow connected with the civil war, and occasion-

ally I witnessed the not less grievous sight of unholy, savage triumph. As I sailed over the open country, my peace-loving beams fell on fights or skirmishes, or they marked parties surprised, or spies skulking about, and listening for information. Alas! alas! I was often witness to acts of treachery. Men might blush to hear that their fellows have been guilty of such deeds.

"On one occasion, I followed a nobleman's servant, who was gliding stealthily through copse and thicket, and carefully avoiding villages, till he got to some distance from his master's house, then he went boldly forward on the public way. I saw him arrive at the Parliamentarian camp; he was led to the presence of the generals. I heard him tell his tale; they put gold into his hands; and, with dark and surly air he went forth, determining to watch which party he could next betray to the other.

"The following day, a detachment of the Parliamentarian army marched upon the baronial castle, from which the barbarous informer had sneaked away; and as it was unsuspecting and unprepared,

they took it and the village which lay around it. I shall not paint to you the scene of distress, when the lord and his dependents were made prisoners; but I must tell you, that up to the day of his treacherous deed, that evil man had served the owner of the castle; his brother was serving him still, and was made a prisoner with the rest. The traitor and his brother had received many and many a kindness from their lord, whose ancestors had been served by their ancestors for five generations past. The betrayer had sold his master, his kindred, and his conscience, for gold. I saw his end. He had hardened himself by this sin; several times later he made known the secrets of each party to the other, and was two years afterwards hung by the Parliamentarians, when they discovered him in his double dealings. I could reveal to you other like cases, for deplorable occurrences took place in those troublous times. . . . . .

"I often saw marauding parties, who, pretending friendship with the king or the parliament, sought only to make their fortunes out of the general cala-

mity; armed highwaymen, who robbed under cover of loyalty to sovereign or to state. The island kingdom was no longer like herself.

"It is not I alone who declare Britain to be a charming land, and her people a free and generous race; it is a common opinion; the old Romans thought so. They compared her inhabitants to angels, and they found their own Tiber in her Tay. 'Behold the Tiber!' they cried, when they first saw the Scottish river; but in passion and contention men lose their native characters. I have seen the British more than once provoked to forget themselves. The nation is so excellent and truly worthy that she seldom lays aside her reason for long, and, indeed, the larger portion of her community does not lay it aside at all; but times of public disturbance give fearful opportunities to those turbulent spirits, some of whom are scattered in every country, and in every age, to rise to the surface of affairs, and oppress and harass better men. So it was now in Britain.

"It was in the midst of this anarchy, in the year

1645, that, on a fine evening in the month of May, I was looking softly down on the Cambrian mountains. The air was fresh and mild; nature lay in enjoyment beneath me. Cambria, or Wales, is a picturesque part of Britain. My rays glittering upon her hills, peeping into her vales, and reflected in her floods, increase her beauties. I was just gambolling with the fish in a mountain lake of Glamorganshire, when I heard a feminine voice say:—

"'Look, my dear father, at the moon-light playing yonder upon that lake; there it is again, lighting up the corries of the mountain side, and discovering the broken feathery outlines of its hanging woods. This principality of Wales is more beautiful than any thing you have in your part of Ireland—is it not? Let us pause a few moments to enjoy the scene; it is not one of every day.'

"I looked upon the lady who spoke; she had turned an angle in the mountain road, and come suddenly into view of the landscape which she regarded with so much pleasure. She was on horseback, and at her side, on horseback also, was a

venerable gentleman, with snowy hair; he was the Primate of Ireland, Archbishop Ussher, and his companion was his daughter, Lady Tyrrel, who, with her husband, Sir Timothy Tyrrel, lived in Wales. They were on their way to the castle of St. Donate's, where they had been invited to take refuge by the loyal Lady Stradling, after the unfortunate battle of Naseby had turned the archbishop out of his previous asylum.

"Ussher's was a true heart; his faithfulness to the royal cause, had at an earlier date, cost him his estates in Ireland. He did all that he could to advise and aid his unhappy monarch, and often ventured a remonstrance. Charles loved him well, and knew his value, but seldom took his counsel; yet the archbishop's loyalty was never shaken. If he thought his sovereign erred, he grieved, but he acted always as his faithful subject and hearty friend; and, for having done so, he now found himself impoverished and a refugee; thus it was that I saw him on that bright May evening, riding with his daughter among the Cambrian hills.

"They paused to contemplate the lovely scene, and turned around, and gazed, and lingered; the light summer clouds shot along the sky, and from moment to moment half obscured my disk; but they could not conceal me, my beams pierced through them, and softly silvered their edges. As the aerial currents chased them along, I showed myself for a time, full, and round and clear; then I seemed coyly veiled again by their fleecy vapours. The travellers looked at me and at the flying clouds, and around upon the earth scene, and they were lingering still when the archbishop's servant came up. He was carrying some chests in a little cart. I heard him address his master.

"'Your grace will be late,' he said; 'it is already' * * * his words were stopped, for, whilst he spoke, I saw armed horsemen pounce upon the party.

"'Stand, in the name of the king,' they cried.

"'I am the king's friend and servant, the archbishop answered; 'and, were I not such, let me tell you, that his majesty, your sovereign and mine, does

not authorize proceedings such as yours. Do not abuse his royal name, and make him party to your wrongs.'

"'Then in the name of ourselves,' said the leader of the band, 'since the king's name does not please you; stand, and deliver up your goods.'

"The primate looked affectionately upon his daughter; but she gave back a glance which said that she feared more for him than for herself. He replied to the bandits,

"'We must submit, because we cannot resist, seeing that you are nine strong men, and we are a feeble party; but, as a servant and minister of God, I protest against your violence, and warn you that such crimes will bring you to judgment.'

"The bandits did not heed the warning; they dragged the primate and his daughter from their horses, and four of them kept guard over them and their servant, whilst the others proceeded to open their boxes. I soon saw all that they contained spread about upon the road. There were books—those they threw aside as useless, and cumbrous to

carry; there were also a few other articles which they did not comprehend, and therefore declined to take; but some money, jewels, and all the clothing which they found, they secured as useful or saleable; There were, however, in the chests what were more valuable to the archbishop than money, jewels, or clothes—more valuable than any other thing which he could have lost—his manuscripts and papers. I watched his anxious eye, as they handled those; I perceived he hoped, that Goths, such as they, would find no use for them, and would leave them uninjured in his power; but, no. Truly enough, they knew nothing of the literary value of the documents, but imagined that they contained information which would be of use to the Parliament, and therefore took them.

"Those papers had cost years of research and study, and many an hour of midnight toil to their possessor; and who shall say how a man of learning values the fruit of his research? It is not like other property; its worth cannot be reckoned by the same arithmetic. When the primate saw the

barbarians, who could scarcely read, crumpling up into their wallets those labours of his life, his spirit was moved within him.

"'Take all else,' he cried, in mingled agony and fervour, 'but spare me those; they are the labours of more than twenty years; they are the property of posterity, of our children's children; they cannot profit *you*, but they will be valuable upon earth when you and I shall long have been forgotten; take all else, but spare me those.'

"The men thought that his anxiety to retain the papers surely proved that they contained something which it would be valuable to the Parliamentians to know, and that they should sell them for a great price; his entreaties only caused them therefore to look more carefully that not one fragment should be left behind. They had just crammed the last of them into their wallets, when, winding round a shoulder of the hill, four other horsemen appeared; they were riding at easy pace, but on sight of the rifling party, they spurred their horses and dashed forward.

" Then I saw the pretended royalists, who, though they were nine in number, had no fancy for a scuffle, gather up their booty in haste, and set off at full gallop, leaving the archbishop and his daughter and servant free.

" The four horsemen gave them chase, but they had a good start, and knew the mountains well, so they were not overtaken; at length the pursuers, dispirited and fainting, turned their horses' heads and rode back to the spot where the travellers still remained, awaiting them. They were relations of Lady Stradling's, whom she had begged to go forth to meet the archbishop, and conduct him to her castle,

" Whilst these things were passing, I had looked into the castle of St. Donate's, and seen the lady at her windows, glancing anxiously along the winding way. Often she turned a sand-glass upon her table, and as its sand ran out, re-turned it; still her friends did not arrive. What had befallen? She knew the dangers of the times, and she knew also that there were those who would be glad enough to

capture the loyal Ussher. What might the delay portend? At length she discerned riders approaching. Were they her own party and her guests? She strained her eyes to know them. Yes, it was truly they. I saw her descend the staircase of the castle, and meet them at its gate. She welcomed the archbishop; there was grief upon his features, and she feared to ask of him, or of her relations, what new disaster had arisen.

"'Ah! my dear lady,' he replied to her inquiring look; 'I have sustained a heavier misfortune to-night than was, the loss of all my Irish property; heavier than the threatened seizure of my library would have been; my papers have been taken from me by banditti, all that I have for these twenty years been preparing to publish, and which I had hoped would have served many a generation after I had ceased to live!'

"The lady tried to comfort him, so did Sir John Aubrey and his friend Parr, who were present; they thought his grief excessive, and they gently told

him so. 'You did not mourn in this way over the loss of your substance,' said Parr.

"'What is substance,' the archbishop answered, 'compared with the labours of a life? When I am gone, it will little matter to the world whether I were rich or poor while I lived; but posterity has been robbed this night.'

"Lady Tyrrel sought to soothe him. She told him her wishes and her hopes that the manuscripts might be recovered; and gently reminded him that he had taught her the Christian duty of resignation under sorrow. He looked at her fondly and said,

"'I know that this is God's hand, and I must endeavour to bear it patiently, though I have too much human frailty not to be extremely concerned, for I am touched in a very tender place, and He has thought fit to take from me at once all that I have been gathering together above these twenty years, and which I intended to publish for the advancement of learning and the good of the church.'

"The archbishop was indeed, I must tell you, a

deeply learned as well as a good man. The works which he had already published, had caused him to be regarded, to use the words of the literati, as the 'Common luminary of Europe.' Foreign universities had done him honour; and the Cardinal Richelieu had tried to tempt him to grace France by taking up his abode and publishing his works there; moreover, he lived in a time when a scholar must be very distinguished in order to attain repute. He shone amongst a constellation of learned men, foremost and brightest of them all. The poet Milton, who was one of the number, and on the side of the Parliament, has written of that time in these words:

" 'Behold this vast city—a city of refuge; the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with God's protection; the ship of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas, wherewith to present us with their

homage and fealty, the approaching reformation; others as fast, reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement.'

"You may suppose then how valuable to himself, and how valuable to the learned, would be the papers of such a man. I mourned that they should have fallen into the hands of a band of ignorant savages; I feared that taking them to the Parliamentary generals, and learning that they were useless to them, they would light their fires with them. The end however was not so disastrous.

"When the clergy and gentry of the neighbourhood heard what had happened, they began a strict and general search and inquiry. I perceived that the bandits then first comprehended the character of their prize; they did not take the manuscripts to the Parliamentary generals, but hid them in a lumber-room at the top of one of their houses, where no eye but mine saw them. I see many secret and hidden things. I hoped, and yet trembled, for their ultimate fate.

"The day after the archbishop's arrival at St.

Donate's, a wallet, which the flying bandits had lost on their way, was brought in. It contained only some loose disordered papers, fragments of entire manuscripts; the sight of these appeared to me but to revive his sense of his loss.

"It was in my second lunation after the robbery; the archbishop was still in Wales; he was occupied in his cabinet in examining a manuscript which the late Sir G. Stradling had greatly prized, on the 'Antiquities of the British Churches,' when the sound of several steps ascending the stairs caught his ear; they stopped at his door and knocked. It was his daughter and Lady Stradling, Sir John Aubrey, and several gentlemen of the neighbourhood; they bore pleasure on their countenances, words of congratulation on their lips, and the stolen manuscripts in their hands. The bandits had been discovered, the papers re-captured, and Europe at a later day received the works which *they* contained in embryo form. Need I paint to you the joy of the Primate?"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MOON'S ACCOUNT OF A HEROIC LADY.

"THERE is heroism elsewhere than on the battle-field," the Moon said to me on one of her visits. "I have seen it in a cottage, in a prison, in a hospital, in a palace; sometimes I have seen it in a private dwelling-house, where it was little dreamt of by the world around; I have detected it in a merchant—a man who is often judged as a being, spending his energies solely on projects and speculations, and whose soul is wrapped in gain; I have seen it in the untaught savage, in the black negro, or in the burghers of a European city.

"The soldier is not the only hero. Heroism does not belong exclusively to one class, or to the stronger sex; it is a quality of the soul, and may exist in either man or woman, in any grade or

calling of life. It is shown sometimes in noble acts, sometimes in generous self-devotion, sometimes in patient suffering. Not every captain or conqueror, whose name is chronicled in history, has been a hero. I could point to some of these who were very sorry fellows.

"I have known a lowly dame; her worth has been unrecognized even in her own cottage, and her name never reached beyond her village bounds, yet she was a true heroine. I have seen heroism sometimes in a child—often in a woman. It is of the heroism of a lady that I am about to tell you now; for what can the Moon tell of better than the deeds of the heroic and the good. I often hold commune with that lady, her spirit is bright and clear like my disk; I know her well; there is sympathy between us.

"I had looked down upon the village of ——— in the county of Derby, with much pity, in the year 184—; it is a poor village, situated in a region of the hills, on a clay soil. In that year it was visited by a frightful fever—the worst kind of typhus—

the population was small, but the deaths were many —so many they became, and the disease so dreadful in its kind, that the persons who had at first nursed the sick, at length refused to do so—they refused to do so, whatever bribe was offered to pay them for the service of danger. What was to be done? In some families every member of the household lay ill, and none was able to minister to the rest, yet they must surely die without care and aid. In one cottage into which I cast my beams, the father and mother were unable to move or even to turn themselves in bed; they longed for some kind hand to moisten their dry lips, but none was there, for the woman who had nursed them for some weeks, had gone home sick of the fever, and none other would come to take her place; a babe had died in the dwelling a fortnight before, and two little girls also lay very ill. There was mourning and lamentation in the house, and that house was but like many others.

"I saw the clergyman and his lady enter the poor cottage. They lookcd compassionately upon

the afflicted inmates, spoke with them, and ministered to their needs; then they retired, saying they would consult together what could be done to obtain a nurse for them.

" They visited other cottages on their way home, and found matters nearly as distressing in several of them, and still worse in one. Everywhere they did something to relieve or help the sufferers. They went where were women who had not yet taken the fever, and sought for the last time to prevail upon some one of them to devote herself to the care of the sick. It was in vain; terror stricken, they refused; however great the recompense offered, the panic was greater still.

" 'I will then do it myself,' Mrs.——said to her husband after they had made their last fruitless visit. 'I will nurse them myself; the poor creatures must not be lost for want of human care; you will not object.'

" 'My dear wife,' he replied, 'consider what you are undertaking; only think of the danger you would incur, the fatigue you would have to undergo.'

"'I do consider, and I am prepared to meet the danger and fatigue; either a good Providence will shield me, or if I am to sink under it, it will be in the path of duty that my life will be given; *these poor creatures must not be lost for want of human care.*'

"Mr. ——— did not object to his noble wife's proposal; he trembled, for he scarcely dared to hope that she would escape; he thought her generous resolution would cost her life; but such an impulsion to good he would not dare to resist.

"I looked upon the lady with steady, earnest ray; had I not known her, I might have doubted whether she would carry out her resolution; but I did not doubt; for I had seen her from the days of childhood, and I knew of what material she was made.

"A few weeks before, I had heard her propose to Mr. ——— that they should give up their carriage and devote the money which they should thus have in pocket, to pay for nurses, medicine, wine, and other comforts, for the many sick in their poor parish. He had then said.—

"'Consider what you propose; our roads are dirty; our friends lie scattered far around; our nearest town is five miles off, and you are not robust. We will give up the carriage and sell the horses, if you desire it, but consider well first, whether you can bear the privation.'

"She answered that she had considered it, and that it would make her happier to spend the cost upon those poor afflicted people, than in the indulgence of a carriage. The carriage was given up, and Mrs. ——— never regretted the sacrifice.

"I saw her now go home and tell her servants that she should spend her chief time, for the present, in the cottages; but that they need not attend her there (for she knew their fears); she then made some preparations and set forth.

"And now by day and by night she remained amid the dwellings where the fever raged, going from one to another as the case and needs of each required. She usually slept about four hours out of the twenty-four; she would lie down in her clothes on a couch-chair which she had for the purpose, in

some poor cottage where the distress was the greatest, and where at any moment the cry of the sick could reach her ears, and call her to her charitable work.

"There was no service which she did not perform for the afflicted people. She overlooked danger and forgot her higher condition in life. She bore the fatigue and the many discomforts of the small pestilential rooms, without a murmur, or a wish to withdraw from the work which she had undertaken. Nothing was too menial or too revolting to be done for the sufferers. She was an angel of mercy amongst them. Her husband, as the minister of religion, was also much at their bed sides; he brought with him whatever they needed that money could buy and his means could afford; but seldom was it that he could tempt his wife away, even for an hour of repose, or to take a meal under her own roof. She had indeed so many sick upon her hands, that she with difficulty, found the time to eat or sleep at all.

"Some weeks later, I saw her in her own house again. The gracious care of Providence had

preserved her from the infection of that fever; but she was very pale and thin, from the fatigue which she had sustained. The fever was no longer raging in the village. Many of the inhabitants had died; others were recovering, and some were quite restored to health, and were able to help their more feeble relations.

"When on my next lunation, I looked again upon that heroic lady, the bloom of health once more sat upon her cheek, and the light of happiness and peace were in her eye. Never has she regretted her cares for the sick inhabitants of ———."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MOON'S ACCOUNT OF MATTERS CONNECTED WITH THE EMPIRE OF JAPAN.

THE Moon was in the increase, the waxing Moon; I had seen her crescent larger on each of the several late days; she had become a half-moon. I listened and she spoke.

"I sail over every part of your globe," she said, "and it happened rather more than thirty years ago, that in the course of my journey through the heavens, I was shining on the little island of Dezima, in the empire of Japan, and noting what was done there. When I look upon the various parts of that empire, I see strange things—things that to you, who are accustomed to the manners and habits of northern Europe, would appear even more strange than they do to me, who see so great

variety in the conduct and customs of the people of your earth.

"I will, this evening, tell you something about that far East; for this you may thank me, as, since few Europeans can visit the empire of Japan—it is only a small number of Dutch who are allowed to enter 'the sacred kingdom,'—information concerning it, is not so abundantly to be procured from men and books, as it may be concerning the countries which lie nearer to yourself.

"In the first place, I should like to describe to you the island town of Dezima, and to tell you why it exists. The island is artificially built in the Bay of Nagasaki. If you will look at your map, you will find the Bay of Nagasaki on the eastern side of Niphon, which is the principal island of the empire. Just at the head of the bay in a beautiful spot, and with a most advantageous situation, stands the town of Nagasaki; it stretches up the side of a hill, and commands a good view of the sea before it.

"Nagasaki is a neat town; it is made neat by law; the law requires that the houses in the different

streets shall be built of one determined height, with uniform frontage and regulated number of windows; their windows are formed, not of glass, but of a peculiar kind of paper, at once fine and strong in texture, and which admits the passage of some portion of the rays of light; the streets, with their rows of houses, rise on the hill side in tiers one above another.

"In the mouth of the bay, just before the town, and quite near to the shore, is the island—not one of nature's islands, but an artificial work of the clever and jealous Japanese, who have built it up from the bottom of the sea, which is shallow there, expressly for those very few Dutch merchants whom they permit to trade with them; it is six hundred feet long, and two hundred and forty feet wide, and is large enough to contain the buildings requisite for their accomodation. A wall surrounds it, and the opening, which admits by a bridge, to communication with Nagasaki, is defended by a guard house and police.

"In this island town, the Dutch merchants pass

often the best years of life, well watched by the city on the mainland, and by the guards and police kept on Dezima for that purpose. Only now and then by express permission, and much attended by police, are they permitted to visit the mainland, the capitals, or the interior of the empire.

"It was with a view to keeping easy and effectual watch over these unfortunate merchants, that the government of Japan undertook the labour and expense of the construction of the artificial island.

"There are never more than eleven Dutchmen there at once; they go usually from the Dutch settlement of Batavia; their Japanese guards, servants, and interpreters, dwell with them. In melancholy seclusion they live, perhaps from year to year, thinking with sad affection of a dear wife and family far away, whom they are not allowed to have at their side and under their guardianship.

"On this island, and on the sea and coast around, I was looking down some thirty years ago; the day was clear and bright, and the waters of the bay were smooth; a ship with sails full spread, was steering

her course for Nagasaki. The guards along the coast saw her; there was some agitation among them. Then I perceived that a boat was sent off. It neared the ship; there was more excitement on board the ship than there had been among the guards on the shore, for the guards had only to discharge the duties of their office; but there were on board that ship, persons whose hopes and happiness depended on what was soon to pass.

"I perceived that a lady was upon the deck; in her arms she held an infant child; at her side was her husband, and behind her stood a nurse. Her eyes were directed with earnest gaze towards the new, strange country, which she was approaching; she and her husband admired together the abrupt, bold coast; and the mountainous mainland; all was novel to the lady; she was greatly interested; but as she saw the boat put off from the shore, I observed her cheek grow pale. 'Now,' she said to her husband, 'my fate will soon be decided.'

"'Take courage, Mevrouw,' he replied 'I think they *will* admit you.'

"'May our hopes be verified,' she rejoined. 'How sad our lives will be if they sever us!' And she kissed her babe. Still she gazed from the ship, but her eyes were fixed now, not upon the shore, but on the approaching boat. No other words were spoken. Every eye was directed to the boat; it came alongside.

"The Dutch flag had been exhibited by the vessel; she was one of the two Dutch merchantmen which, with the exception of twelve Chinese junks, are the only foreign vessels yearly admitted within the Japanese dominions; but this was to be proved to the authorities, and it was moreover to be shown to them that all was right with regard to the individuals to be landed. An official from the boat was, according to custom, drawn up into the ship. His eye glanced around the deck, and rested on the females and the babe, but he did not speak; that would have been to transgress his duties. He presented to the captain, with due form, his papers of inquiry, which were to receive written answers: foremost, amongst the queries, was one concerning

the persons whom the captain desired to land. The answer, in mentioning these, placed first on the list, as first in dignity, Heer Blomhoff, the newly-appointed president of the Dutch factory, with his wife, child, and nurse. I could see a certain look of surprise and panic shoot across the officer's features as he perceived following the name of the newly-arriving Opperhoofd (for so the president is styled), those of his wife, child, and nurse ; but he withdrew in silence.

" I saw him return on shore. I followed him as he entered the guard-house, and there presented his papers ; then I perceived that a discussion arose. A messenger was sent in haste to the head of the police, or chief authority in Nagasaki, to represent the case that had arisen. What a startling announcement ! An Opperhoofd presume to wish to introduce his wife ! A Dutch lady to be admitted into the sacred empire ! The authority could not do less than go himself to the ship, and he requested that Heer Doef, the retiring president of the Dutch factory, would accompany him ; he also took with

him a train of servants and police. With great state he pushed off from the shore. He was received on board the ship with all possible demonstration of respect. After courteous greetings between the Dutch and the Japanese, and cordial greetings between the resigning and the arriving president, the following conversation took place—

"'Heer Opperhoofd, you have given in your requisition to bring into Japan your wife and child, and nurse?'

"'It is so, Heer Gobanyosi; (that was the title of the official.) I certainly wish to have my family with me.'

"'It is contrary to the laws of Japan to admit women.'

"'Surely it cannot be that you would separate me for the lengthened period of time which I am likely to spend here, from my wife and child?'

"'I am sorry to be compelled to tell you, that it is entirely contrary to our laws to admit women.'

At this point in the conversation, the retiring president stepped forward, and said—

"'Heer Gobanyosi, I have been a dweller in Japan for nineteen years, apart from my family; I have felt it a heavy sorrow. I trust that your nation will not inflict it upon my successor. It is a cruel law. In the year 1662, Dutch women were received in Dezima; why not extend now the same privilege to my successor?'

"'That was in a case of distress, my friend, Heer Doef; those women were received in pity to their misfortunes. No misfortune has driven your successor's wife, child, and nurse, upon our shores.'

"'No; but it would be a terrible misfortune that should keep them away. Will you send that lady, young, unprotected, and helpless, across the ocean again, separating her from her husband, as if she had been guilty of some crime, and dooming her life and his, to gloomy solitude? Be merciful and just. How could she, or her babe, or her maid, harm your nation?'

"I could see that the Gobanyosi was moved; he looked perplexed. At length he answered—

"'I will represent the case, and your petition, to

the Ziogoon;' (that is the title of the civil emperor of Japan,) 'meantime, you cannot be allowed to quit the ship, but you shall be well supplied with all that you want, or that can conduce to your comfort.' With this assurance he took his leave. I think that tears stood in the eyes of Madame Blomhoff.

"'Do not despair, Mevrouw,' said her husband, 'I think you will be admitted.'

"She shook her head but said nothing.

"The next few days formed a time of great anxiety to them both. At length when I had progressed through a portion of my orbit, I saw the stately Gobanyosi, with his train, a second time, put off from the shore and approach the ship which rode at anchor. He bore the answer of the Ziogoon; it cost him pain to deliver it; for alas! it refused the landing of the lady with her child and nurse. 'No persons,' said the Ziogoon, 'but those necessary to the trade, could be permitted to enter the sacred empire; and those who were necessary to it, were

the eleven officers heretofore determined upon and recognized.'

"I felt deep pity for the lady Mevrouw Blomhoff and for her husband. Not many days later, I saw their parting. Mynheer Blomhoff was received with his stipulated number of clerks, in a boat of state, and so conducted into Dezima. The Dutch merchantman also spread her sails, and with his young wife and her babe, retraced the wide ocean that lay between Japan and their distant home. Poor Lady!

"It was not always the case that the Japanese dreaded the approach of foreigners. About three-hundred years ago, they traded with fourteen different nations. It was the misconduct of the Portuguese which first irritated them against all other peoples; and since that time they have driven foreigners from their shores. I have seen them, when a ship in distress has been cast upon their coasts, charitably supply her wants, refuse payment—for payment would have been trade, which they disavow,—and send her away without having permitted one man to set his foot on shore.

"Japan has two sovereigns; the chief of them, or rather the most sublime of them, is called 'the Mikado;' he is a sacred personage, the representative of the Sun Goddess, who is adored in Japan. So great is his dignity, and the veneration with which he is regarded, that his subjects may not behold him. To preserve him from the common gaze, he is kept a prisoner in his palace; he is not allowed to meddle with affairs, or to regulate the concerns of the empire; that would be too much like a mortal; his foot may never touch the ground; he must not tread the earth like man; so when he would move, be the distance ever so small, he is borne on the shoulders of his servants. His hairs and nails may not be cut like those of the rest of the human race; if they be cut at all—which some of the Japanese consider wrong and dangerous—it must be done by stealth.

"I have looked into the Mikado's chamber an hour after midnight, when he has slept, and have seen the chief dignitaries of the empire and of religion, enter it: they have crept softly to the side

of his couch, and made themselves sure that he was sleeping; then they have reverentially pared his nails and cut his hair, taking the utmost care not to break his slumbers, and effecting the operation as well as they could without other light than mine; the representative of the Sun Goddess has slept, or seemed to sleep unmoved, and the priests and grandees have stolen noiselessly from his chamber. This is called 'stealing' his hair and his nails; and a moon-light night is always chosen to assist the theft.

"The chief duty of the Mikado, is to spend a certain number of hours every day, seated upon his throne, during which he is to be totally without movement. This immobility is supposed to preserve the strength and tranquility of the empire. Should he turn his head to one side or another, he would bring down misfortunes on that part of the country towards which he should look. His highest honour as well as his grand duty, consists in sitting thus from hour to hour motionless upon his throne. There is not to be found, perhaps, in any country

a more miserably oppressed slave than he is; every other slave has his moments of respite and relief; but it is of so much importance to the people of Japan, that their Mikado should be ever kept in the condition which ensures their prosperity, that he is for no moment left unwatched and free. After the appointed number of hours of sitting upon the throne have expired, he is borne from it on the shoulders of men, and his crown is laid there, to stand his deputy until his return to it on the following day. There must be something in the fact of being Mikado, to make a man very patient. I have seen that sovereign endure without a murmur, what I believe few other men would suffer. It is difficult to say whether he is most highly reverenced or most abjectly enslaved.

"He never wears twice the same clothes, or eats twice from the same vessels; that which has once been used by him, must be destroyed; the consequence of this is, that since all the wealth of rich Japan could not support the continual destruction of articles so costly as those which are usually

supplied to sovereigns, he is served with things of the coarsest and cheapest kind; and even though this system is pursued, his court costs a large sum.

"There is one month in the year when I see all the temples closed in Japan; for on that month the gods are believed to be visiting the Mikado, and it would be of no use to go to the temples when the deities are absent.

"The Ziogoon, or temporal sovereign, is a different sort of person; he also, is miserably enslaved by the jealousy of his people, or by the strange customs of his country, but he is allowed to look into affairs, and to act, at least in part, by his own free will and agency. Japan is a feudal empire. The Ziogoon governs the chiefs and princes who hold under him, by the help of spies, and he is himself watched in turn, Spies surround every officer of state, and every officer of state is himself a spy.

"When I have seen the imperial spies seeking for information and making their reports; when I have observed that every man was at once a spy and

subject to the espionage of others, and when I have marked the sad things to which this system leads, I have thought how much more happy are some of your governments in the west, as for instance, in the free and happy land of Britain.

" ' First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.'

" Mynheer Blomhoff, after he had been some time in Dezima, obtained permission to make a tour in the interior of the empire. I should like to tell you a little about his tour. He wrote the account of it to the lady Mevrouw, his wife. Twice in the year, when the Dutch vessels came, he used to send off his letters to her, he could not send them oftener, so she received almost a manuscript book at a time; and ah! how glad I have seen her look, when they were given into her hands. It is a very small part of what he told her, that I can find time to relate to you.

" Heer Blomhoff was compelled to take, at his own expense, more than thirty persons with him in his tour. It is only on such condition that the

Dutch merchants ever have leave to visit the country, or even to pass through the gates of Dezima, for a walk. These people were interpreters, police, porters, &c. The first thing he did was to call on a Japanese acquaintance of his, who lived in Nagasaki. I was out in the sky and looking upon him. The house in which his acquaintance lived, consisted of one good ground floor where the family dwelt, and of a poor upper part, a mere loft. In front of the house was a handsome porch, and around it, a pretty verandah. In the porch were left the palanquins, umbrellas, and straw shoes of the persons who were then visiting the family. Shoes are always cast off on entering a house, for they are made of straw, and worn upon the soles of the feet, held on by a peg between the toes, and by ties. The host of this house was very civil to Heer Blomhoff; he entertained him, and showed him his garden and his store-room. The garden was laid out in imitation of a grander scale of landscape: there was a small lake, and a cascade falling into it; over the cascade hung weeping trees, and near it was a

temple for worship; behind the temple were artificial rocks and hills; yet the whole did not cover two acres of ground; but this is the style of laying out garden ground in Japan; the smallest garden is a miniature landscape, with rock, hill, dale, cascade, and lake. The host next took him to his fire-proof store-room, in which were all his valuable goods. This was a room apart from the rest of the house, coated with thick clay, and provided with copper shutters. I have given you the description of this house, because it is similar to the generality of houses in a Japanese town; every habitation and shop is provided with its store room. On one occasion when I saw the flames spreading in Nagasaki, and several streets were burned to the ground, the store-rooms in them all, remained uninjured.

"I saw no more of Heer Blomhoff for that day, but on the one following, I perceived him with his cumbrous train roaming in the country around the city. He was enchanted with the beauty of the scenery; from each fresh point he gained a new view; hill and dale, land and sea, thrown into

a variety of combinations and arrangements, ravished his eyes. He only wished for Mevrouw at his side. On the hills, flourished the evergreen oak, the cedar of two thousand years, and the camphor tree, its rival in age; in the vales and ravines, and growing in crevices from rocks, were the bamboo, the laurel, the camelia, that pride of the conservatories of the West, and the Pyrus and Corchorus, to which we, in tribute to their native land, append the memorial name of Japonica. Formed into hedges around the corn and barley fields, as well as growing spontaneously on many a tract of ground, was the tea plant; and wherever the ground was not tilled for grain, or other produce, it was gemmed with a variety of blossoms. Heer Blomhoff loved nature, and he was enchanted with the scene around him; he thought Japan a Paradise.

"Along the roads were people selling straw shoes for men, horses, and oxen, and as his horses wore out many shoes in treading the mountain roads, over which they bore his baggage, he had occasion to buy some of these. Presently he came to a vil-

lage: his people had lingered in other villages, but here they hurried along silently, and with looks of disgust. It was a village of tanners and curriers. Those unhappy men are shunned and persecuted; they may not enter a town; they are not numbered amongst the population, and to hold communication with them is supposed to disgrace other men. The lengths of the villages are not even measured into the length of the roads. Mynheer Blomhoff sighed as he looked upon the unfortunates; then he thought upon the Mikado and the spies, and he said within himself—

"'Ah! Japan, with all your loveliness and grandeur, I would not change you for my own flat, muddy, native Holland, where man is free and happy!'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MOON'S ACCOUNT OF A FAMILY OF SQUIRRELS.

"I WILL give you to day," said the Moon, one afternoon, when she came to me early, "a history that I think will please your babes, so call upon them to attend."

They were at play upon the floor, (such little things cannot do much else than play). I took one of them upon my knee, and placed the other on a footstool at my feet, and told them to listen. They looked wonderingly and pleased into my face, as they saw the bright disk of the clear, pale Moon, and as they heard her silver voice begin its melodious notes. I signed to them to be very quiet, and so they were, while the Moon spoke as follows :—

"It is not only upon the human beings of your earth that I look, nor are the affairs of man those

only which claim my attention; I watch with interest and pleasure the proceedings of many of those creatures whom you term the 'inferior animals;' inferior indeed they are to man, who is in soul and body, a being so august, of whom the poet says—

" 'How complicate, how wonderful is man!
* * * * *
Dim miniature of greatness infinite!'

"But notwithstanding their inferiority to man, their instincts, their contrivances, their affections, (and I could almost say, their intelligence), are beautiful, and well deserving of note and observation.

"I wish to tell you, to-day, about a family of squirrels, that I saw a good deal of last year. It was in the pretty wooded county of Hants, which is a little province in the south of the island Britain, that this family lived. One evening, in the spring of the year, I perceived a squirrel peeping about, and leaping from branch to branch; he was a very fine fellow; he appeared to have just waked up from his winter torpor; perhaps you already

know, that during the coldest season of the year, the squirrel falls into a sort of sleep, or, more properly speaking, torpor; in which he remains until the suns of spring revive him again.

"There were other squirrels living in that wood, it was a nice secure place for them; for it formed part of the grounds of a fine old mansion, and was open only to the members of the family who dwelt in the mansion, and to their friends and servants; moreover on one side of the wood lay the shrubberies, and lower down, the flower garden that adorned the house, and delighted its inhabitants; and that looked pretty enough to the squirrels' eyes also, when they occasionally took a stroll that way; on the other side of the wood was a kitchen garden flanked round by a high wall; but a wall is no obstacle to a squirrel, who can climb it with great ease. Not far off was a nutwood, and scattered all around the neighbouring lands, as well as in the wood, were oaks and beeches, so that the bushy-tailed inhabitants had abundance of food always at hand.

"Great respect was paid to the squirrels by the dwellers in the mansion, who delighted to see them leap from branch to branch over their heads, in the wood, or run swiftly up a tree. Since that family had lived there, no squirrel had been injured by them; the chief gardener did, indeed, sometimes grumble, and wish that his master and mistress would allow the squirrels to be shot, for they took so many nuts, and gnawed so much of his best fruit, whilst it was yet hard, that they almost provoked his patience; however, once or twice when he had hinted the wish, he had found there was so little hope of carrying his point, that he contented himself afterwards by doing what he could to preserve his fruit trees, and submitting patiently to such losses as he could not escape.

"But to return to the squirrel of which I began to speak. I saw him, as I said, peering about as if he was seeking for something. Up one tree, and down another, he went, every now and then taking a springing leap in the upper branches. He looked particularly into a hollow place in a piece of gray

rock that jutted out of the ground. He raked in it with his feet; it was not far above the ground, and did not seem to please him. There was a fragment of ruined stonewall standing at the back of the wood, where out-houses once had been, though there only remained now this ruinous remnant; in it were several hollows. He looked into them. There was one in particular, a good large hole, where a stone had fallen out at sometime; into that he looked long, and scraped in it so much with his claws, that I began to think he was going to make use of it for some purpose or other; but it would not do; it seemed that he was rather hard to please. Again he returned to the trees; there he fixed upon a fine, old elm, which had a good, round, rather deep hollow in its trunk; with this he seemed much delighted, scraping in it with his claws, and making a squeaking tone of pleasure.

"The evening was now closing in, and the squirrel retired somewhere, I know not where, for he slipped off while I was for a few moments behind a cloud. The next day, however, I saw him

again; he was very busy at the hollow in the elm. This time he was not alone, he had brought a lady with him—his wife; when he introduced her to this elm-tree hole. I think they spoke their sentiments to each other about it, for there was a considerable squeaking from both of them; sometimes both squeaked together, and sometimes the squeaking seemed to run between them as a dialogue or conversation. After having passed around the tree many times, and many times ascended and descended its trunk, and leaped from bough to bough in its top, I observed that the squirrels seemed to come to a decision, that the hole which the gentleman had chosen for a nest, was perfect in its size, situation, and circumstances, for they began to go about, picking up moss and other soft substances, which they packed and arranged by way of lining, in the cavity. I saw them in one place, where a housemaid must have surely dropped matters that she had swept from the tables or carpet of a room. There were various shreds of coloured Berlin wools, mingled with bits of floss

silk, and some pink fleecy cotton; these they carefully collected. Perhaps they rejoiced in the gayness of the colours, perhaps in the novelty of the material, for they seemed to carry them off with particular pleasure, and to arrange them in the nest with much precision and care. From day to day I watched them, as they continued at the same kind of work. Sometimes they found bits of wool caught upon bushes of thorn or bramble, which the poor sheep had lost from their coats as they brushed by, these were taken by the squirrels. Sometimes they found feathers which birds had shed, upon the ground, or which had been left when a bird of prey had devoured some sweet small songster of the groves; these, also, they took and used.

"As they worked, the little birds watched their proceedings, at least till roosting time came; and as they watched they carolled to them many a gay song of encouragement and sympathy, for they, too, most of them, were busied in building nests in the grove; indeed, the wood was the busiest place that you can imagine at this time, there was chirping

and carolling on every bough; there was chirping, also, in the grass upon the soil, for the grasshopper was coming out to his summer life and occupations; and the air was filled with a constant buzz, made by many flying insects, but especially by the bees, who were most busy in collecting honey from the early spring flowers, and who took, also, a little wax.

"Since my last lunation, the whole face of nature had changed in that wood; that was in March; then all was still, save the wind which rocked the trees, and made the boughs to creak, and the dry brown leaves of the young beech, which had hung throughout the winter, to crack and rustle. Now, it being the close of April, I heard little of the wind; occasionally, a breeze would spring up, then a good shower pattered amid the branches, and then the air was still again. It was the animate part of nature that now made almost all the sound I heard; every thing that had life seemed to be full of activity and happiness, and preparing for events which were to follow.

"I cannot tell you how many habitations were

built in that wood during the spring. There were the squirrels making their dwellings; and many kinds of birds—too many for me to enumerate—from the large owl, and the rook, to the elegant little wren, all building nests; then there were bats, and humble bees, and wasps, and earwigs, and ants, and very many other insects, at work.

"When the pair of squirrels had finished their habitation, they appeared to have leisure for amusing themselves. They went about a good deal; sometimes they herded with other squirrels, and sometimes they were alone.

"At length, after an absence of some time, when I looked down again upon that wood in Hampshire, and upon the nest of my active little friends, I saw in it three young squirrels; they were pretty creatures, and very small—one of them in particular had a most beautiful long, bushy tail. He appeared a vigorous, spirited animal; I thought he would grow into a fine specimen of his race. Presently I saw the parents return; they had food with them. They came and went many times,

always bringing with them some fragment of food or other. Amongst the things that I saw them bring back and offer to their young ones, were hard green apricots, which they had gathered from a tree on the garden wall, and which the little ones and the parents nibbled at, but did not altogether devour; hard small pears, only lately formed from the blossom, buds and young shoots of trees, more especially of the fir tree, and some nuts, which yet remained from their last winter's store. Very diligently indeed they worked to provide for their family, but in a day or two, I saw that they began to take the young ones out with them on their excursions, and to teach them to cater for themselves.

"There was a great deal of trouble with one weak and timid squirrel, which feared to leap from branch to branch; and whilst the father and the two stronger ones would get on quite nimbly—and the daring spirited little things, soon took fine swinging leaps and ran up trees almost as well as their parent—the mother stayed behind with the poor feeble one, trying to teach it small jumps.

She was indeed very patient; she would take a short spring and sit on a branch near, and from thence would call to her child to follow; but often instead of following, the young thing would stay where it was, uttering pitiful sounds; then the mother would go back and carry it on her back, or in her mouth, as she leaped across.

"One day the whole family were thus out; the mother was as usual, with her weak young one behind the rest, when one of the gentlemen of the family was walking in the wood with his gun, in pursuit of a hawk which had refuged there. He heard a rustling in an oak near him; he had seen the hawk fly in that direction; he could not now perceive clearly the body of the thing that moved, and he supposed it to be the hawk; so he fired. There was the report, the flash, the smoke; then stepping through the brushwood to the spot, he picked up—not the mischievous hawk, which he expected—but the pretty squirrel. He was very sorry; and when he carried the poor animal to the house all the family were sorry too; but I shall

not tell you what words of regret I heard, and what looks of regret I saw, as I peeped through the hall window of that mansion. I will rather keep to my account of the other part of the squirrel family.

"When the father with his two young companions returned towards the elm where was their nest, the very piteous voice of the little weak member of their family was heard making sad lamentation; the old squirrel went to the spot whence the cries proceeded, and heard from his child the doleful account of the strange noise which had arisen, then of the cloud of smoke, which rushed to the spot where her mother sat, and which seemed to her to have carried away her mother with it, for when it was gone, she was no more to be seen. The father who had more experience of life than his child, and who had often seen birds shot in the garden, understood that his wife had been killed by a gun. He took home his feeble young one, and very sad indeed were he and his children. It was long before they would eat any food or leave their hole. I feared they would die of grief or starvation; but

my anxiety ceased, when in the days following, I saw them begin to recover their spirits, and go out again.

"Now the father had upon him the cares of both parents; and though he had already taught his stronger young ones so well, that they could help themselves, yet it was necessary that he should watch them much, lest in the carelessness, or inexperience of their youth, they should fall into dangers, and especially into the way of any animal of prey; and with his little weak one, he had indeed, much to do. He daily exercised it more and more; sometimes he would give a great swinging leap from one tree to another, with this poor little thing upon his back, that it might gain courage, and from small to great he got it led on, and improved so far, that by the time the nuts were ripe, it was able to do a fair portion of the work in collecting them for the winter store.

"I was during the whole summer and autumn, from time to time shedding down my soft rays over that wood, and making my observations on its busy

life. I was absent indeed, at seasons, but I returned with frequency enough, to know almost all that was done. When the nuts began to ripen, the diligence of the squirrels was very great. Their time was chiefly spent in passing between the hazel-wood and their own habitations. They brought into their hole a very large number of nuts, together with which were some acorns, some mast of the beech tree, some bits of tender young bark, and several other substances.

"As the weather began to grow cold, I perceived that this activity diminished; they did less work, the springs which they made from bough to bough, were shorter, and executed with less agility than before; they stayed much at home, and lived upon their store; till at length, as the thermometer sank to within ten degrees of the freezing point, and the air around them was no warmer than their own blood, which is, in the squirrel tribe, only of the temperature of ten or eleven degrees, they became quite torpid. The last time that I peeped into their nest in the bottom of the elm tree, I saw them all

rolled up as balls, and lying amid their store of provisions, where they will remain until the suns of next spring, with their vivifying power, again awake and arouse them."

THE END.

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